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LITERATURE.

Renaissance in Italy: the Revival of Learning. By John Addington Symonds. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1877.)

MR. SYMONDS'S *Age of the Despots* will have already rendered many of our readers better able to follow and comprehend the details of the interesting episode in the history of European culture which is here delineated. The present is a work well calculated to attract both the scholar and the reader for mere pleasure or information, but the latter must be regarded as representing the class for whom it is more especially intended. The rhetorical colouring of the whole, the frequent use of metaphor or simile, the graphic portraiture of individual characters, and the numerous anecdotes, stamp the volume as one designed to popularise a subject but little known, and to win attention to a race of teachers and a by-gone literature which the world has perhaps been somewhat too ready to forget.

In Germany, Mr. Symonds's research has been forestalled by Dr. Georg Voigt's admirable work, *Die Wiederbelebung des klassischen Alterthums*, published in 1859—a work that includes the German Humanismus as well, and to which our author makes special acknowledgment of his indebtedness. In England, however—if we except Shepherd's *Life of Poggio Bracciolini* (a volume whose merits are obscured by a singularly infelicitous style) and the incidental notices in Roscoe and Hallam—the work of Hody, the Oxford professor, is the only one of much value in relation to the subject that has appeared. But this, again, is in Latin, and dates back, moreover, nearly a century and a-half ago. For the first time, therefore, we are here presented with the story, in English dress, complete in outline and unbroken in relation, of the wondrous Revival of Learning in Italy.

What the Reformation afterwards was in the province of religion and ecclesiasticism, that was the Renaissance in the domain of learning and education—a great revolt from mediaeval forms of doctrine and belief. As Dante sums up the expiring era, so Petrarch throws open the portals of the modern age. "There are spots upon the central watershed of Europe where in the stillness of a summer afternoon, the traveller may listen to the murmurs of two streams—the one hurrying down to form the Rhine, the other to contribute to the Danube or the Po. Born within hearing of each other's voices, and nourished by the self-same clouds that rest upon the crags around them, they are henceforth destined to an ever-widening separation. While the one sweeps onward to the Northern

seas, the other will reach the shores of Italy or Greece and mingle with the Mediterranean. To these two streamlets we might compare Dante and Petrarch, both of whom sprang from Florence, both of whom were nurtured in the learning of the schools and in the lore of chivalrous love. Yet how different was their mission! Petrarch marks the rising of that great river of intellectual energy which flowed southward to recover the culture of the ancient world. The current of Dante's genius took the contrary direction. Borne upon its mighty flood, we visit the lands and cities of the Middle Ages, floating towards infinites divined and made the heritage of human nature by the mediaeval spirit" (pp. 69–70).

In the legend of Dr. Faustus, Mr. Symonds considers that we may discern the fascination exercised by dim reminiscences of the classic past over mediaeval minds.

"The secret of enjoyment and the source of strength possessed by the ancients allured them; but they believed that they could only recover this lost treasure by the suicide of their soul. . . . That for which Faustus sold his soul . . . was yielded to the world without price at the time of the Renaissance."

The whole subject falls very naturally into the four periods into which it has been divided by the author. Petrarch and Boccaccio usher in the story. It would be scarcely reasonable to look for much that is new respecting characters of such interest and celebrity, but their precise relations to the Revival of Learning are very clearly explained. As regards Petrarch, especially, the lofty conceptions, the original views, the excellences and even the defects of his genius, are delineated with great care and discrimination. One point we may venture to note in passing. It is the observation of Voigt, and one on which he insists with some emphasis, that Petrarch's estimate of his own genius, and his reputation among his contemporaries, were an almost exact inversion of that of later times. His Latin treatises were regarded as embodying his true claims to immortality, while his sonnets were looked upon as merely the graceful trifles of a passing hour. Mr. Symonds, however, refers us (p. 87) to a passage in the letters of Coluccio de' Salutati, which clearly shows that the poet's true genius was not so entirely misapprehended in his lifetime, and that even in his own day there were those who were not wanting in a truer discernment, and who ranked his art as a sonneteer above that of Dante.

It was under the influence of an ambition roused by Petrarch's renown that Boccaccio turned from commerce to letters; and it was at the advice of his venerated mentor that when already in middle life he applied himself to the study of Greek. He was unfortunate in his instructor, one Leontius Pilatus, a man "morose in his temper and disgusting in his personal habits, who concealed a bovine ignorance beneath a lion's hide of ostentation." Notwithstanding, it was at the dictation of this disagreeable impostor that Boccaccio, full of faith and enthusiasm, wrote out a complete version of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in Latin. The manuscript when finished was sent to Petrarch, who received it as an inestimable treasure, though the specimen quoted by Mr. Symonds (who thinks, however, that something may fairly be set down to copyists) is simply appalling. John of Ravenna, Petrarch's

unruly disciple, and Marsigli, the Augustinian friar, follow next, and with Marsigli we are introduced to the famous circle that gathered within the walls of the convent of S. Spirito. Among the disciples of Marsigli was Salutato, who, as secretary to the Signory of Florence, formed a new link between the intellectual and the political life of the time. His polished Latinity was a novel element in State manifestoes:—

"Elegant Latinity became a necessary condition of public documents, and Ciceronian phrases were henceforth reckoned among the indispensable engines of a diplomatic armoury. Offices of trust in the Papal Curia, the courts of the despots, and the chanceries of the republics, were thus thrown open to professional humanists. In the next age we shall find that neither princes, popes, nor priors could do without the services of trained stylists."

Manuel Chrysoloras next appears upon the scene, as teacher of Greek at the University of Florence—an appointment which "secured the future of Greek erudition in Europe." The consideration extended to the humanists was still, however, sadly below that which waited on the teachers of the civil law. As a "Brod-studium" this branch of learning was in the highest possible repute, and its well-salaried professors regarded the expounders of the new culture as little better than impudent intruders within the university domain. The unwearyed activity of Poggio Bracciolini in rescuing classic manuscripts from "durance vile" in the northern monasteries, and the arrival of Giovanni Aurispa, Guarino of Verona, and Francesco Filelfo from the East, with numerous manuscripts (in some cases of authors hitherto unknown), bring this period to a close. There are some interesting pages towards the end on the effect produced upon the minds of scholars in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the sight of the Roman ruins in decay—the patriotic emotion of Rienzi; the contemplative mood of Petrarch, half-sentimental, half-antiquarian; the more methodical and systematic research of Poggio. To these Mr. Symonds might have added the description given by Chrysoloras in his letter to the Emperor John Palaeologus II.; it is quoted in the charming little treatise of Christian Friedrich Boerner, and is certainly one of the most remarkable and eloquent passages in the literary correspondence of the period.

The whole bent of Mr. Symonds's genius, together with the direction of his researches, makes it difficult for him to be quite just to mediaeval learning. Monk and barbarian would seem to be, in his view, nearly interchangeable terms. When he narrates in what a state Boccaccio found the library at Monte Cassino, he sarcastically refers to the Benedictines as having "sometimes been called the saviours of learning;" and he appears to be of opinion that the monks "performed at best the work of earth-worms, who unwittingly preserve fragments of Greek architecture from corrosion by heaping mounds of mould and rubbish round them." This is surely rather indiscriminate censure; and we feel certain that on candid consideration Mr. Symonds would not refuse to admit that Monte Cassino and the Benedictine Order at large rendered no slight service to letters in their time. It is not a little

remarkable that, notwithstanding all this monastic degeneracy, a large portion of Cosimo de' Medici's wealth went to build a new abbey at Fiesole, and that the library which he gave to the foundation, along with that which he presented to the convent of S. Marco, forms the most ancient portion of the present Laurentian Library.

The next period is described by our author as that of "arrangement and translation." It saw the foundation of the great libraries, and the literary circles that gathered round Cosimo de' Medici at Florence, Alfonso the Magnificent at Naples, and Nicholas V. at Rome. Then follows the age of Academies, among which the Platonic school at Florence, that of Pontanus at Naples, that of Pomponius Laetus in Rome, and that of Aldus Manutius at Venice, are the most deserving of note. During these two periods Italian scholarship advanced to its utmost limits; it culminated with Politian. In him humanism "attained to the freedom of a fine art;" and, "through him, as through a lens, the rays of previous culture were transmitted in a column of pure light. He realised what the Italians had been striving after—the new birth of antiquity in a living man of the modern world." When Jacopus Antiquarius went one day into one of the public offices of Florence, he found the young clerks neglecting their work and busy in poring over the sheets of a book just fresh from the printer's hands—it was the *Miscellanea* of Politian!

Another chapter exhibits Humanism in its decline. Bembo the sceptical, foremost among Ciceronian purists; the austere Sadoletto; Paulus Jovius, the historian; Baldassare Castiglione, and Jerome Aleander, are here the most important characters. It is evident that Leo X. never succeeded in raising the university of Rome to an eminence worthy of such a centre. Padua and Bologna continued to surpass it as seats of the severer learning; while Florence and Ferrara both outshone it in their successful cultivation of the new. Then, in 1527, came the terrible siege; and many of Rome's most illustrious scholars died by miserable and painful deaths at the hands of the Spanish soldiery.

Such are in the main the contents of a skilfully constructed and most readable volume, the result of much recondite and often wearisome research in a literature which, now by the puerility of its conceptions and now by its extreme licentiousness, often severely taxes the patience of the investigator. A chapter on the relations of the whole movement to the revival of scholarship in this country would have been an acceptable addition; as it is, there is scarcely anything whatever on this relation of the subject, and even certain points of contact which would appear to have almost necessitated some comment are passed by in silence. It would have been of service, again, had Mr. Symonds thought it worth while to give us a more distinct notion of what was really the extent of the classical scholarship of the Renaissance. There are some passages in the *Variae Lectiones* of Muretus which point to singular misapprehensions with respect to the meaning of different classical authors even in his day. As regards Horace, for example, it is evident that the imitations of

the Greek idiom with which the poet abounds had been entirely misunderstood up to the latter half of the sixteenth century. As for Aristotle, Prof. Stahl, we believe, maintains that there was no really intelligent comprehension of his philosophy before the eighteenth century.

J. BASS MULLINGER.

Le Cardinal du Perron, Orateur, Controversiste, Ecrivain. Étude historique et critique, par M. l'Abbé P. Féret, Docteur en Théologie, Chanoine Honoraire d'Evreux, Aumonier du Lycée Henri IV. (Paris : Didier, 1877.)

"THE art of grouping facts, of discussing books and authors, of elucidating texts so as to draw from them precise, luminous, and incontestable conclusions, and that by the light of sound criticism, and a logical power which never erred—this art, admirable in itself, and precious in the cause of the true and the just, has been possessed by few men in a degree so eminent, or been made the instrument of so glorious a success."

On whom is this lofty eulogium pronounced? A eulogium which would be exaggerated even if meant of Grote or Mommsen, and which a critic who means what he says would scarcely venture to apply to Scaliger or Casaubon. It is affirmed of Cardinal du Perron by M. l'Abbé Féret.

Cardinal du Perron was a very clever ecclesiastic, who played a considerable part at the Court of Henri IV. His appearance on that curious stage—the interest of which is still as fresh as ever it was—was that of an actor who was conspicuous without being eminent. His name occurs in the memoirs of the period probably as frequently as that of any other man about the Court. He was a very successful man, who was admired without being respected. It would be unjust to say that he was wholly unprincipled, but his cleverness was too great for his force of character. By the side of men of the solid build of Bongars, D'Ossat, D'Aubigné, and Sully, Du Perron looked small, and his talent a counterfeit. There was not mass enough about the man to conceal the fact that personal ends supplied the determining motives of his conduct. The anxiety for promotion glistened in his keen eye. He has sometimes reminded me of Burnet; but the juxtaposition does Burnet injustice. Du Perron, however, is like the Burnet whom the distorting imagination of party has drawn for us, though not like the real Burnet. Du Perron talked uncommonly well. His reading was great, and his memory well stored. He wrote also very well, and was the first who treated a theological topic in French. He was amusing as a companion, and formidable in controversy, but not instructive. He wrote many books, and many thousand pages.

His *Réplique à la Réponse du Roy de la Grande Bretagne*, 1620, is alone a folio of 1,000 pages, and contains nearly 3,000 references to the Fathers. Is this learning? Far from it. It is contentious matter, and the cardinal a clever advocate who has to make a good case, as I doubt not he has done.

Du Perron perhaps deserved a monograph at the hands of his countrymen. The Abbé

Féret has produced one. But unfortunately it is one from which the spirit of historical investigation is wholly absent. There is no cognisance in its pages of the peculiar features of that period of clerical reaction, in which all politics were absorbed in the desperate effort of the clergy to recover the supremacy which had been rudely shaken in the previous age by Calvinism. Du Perron himself appreciated the situation perfectly, and played his cards well. But his panegyrist sees nothing of the game, and thinks it his business to heap indiscriminate eulogy upon his hero. The famous Conference of Fontainebleau, a comedy got up by the Court for the purpose of ruining the noble-hearted Du Plessis Mornay, appears in the Abbé Féret's pages as a holy battle, in which truth encountered falsehood, and issued triumphant from the struggle, Du Perron being the Tancred of the fight. In presence of the historical misapprehension of the general character of the Conference, inaccuracies of detail in the account of it become insignificant. Otherwise, criticism might take objection to the loose phrase in page 175:—"On reconnaît que du Plessis avait pris les objections des adversaires pour le sentiment même de Scot." The phrase in italics intimates, though it does not assert, that the jury pronounced a verdict against Du Plessis; on this, the first, count; whereas, their verdict was a "non liquet." The Abbé Féret does not seem to be acquainted with Isaac Casaubon's *Ephemerides* and *Letters*, books which are in the hands of every student who deals with the politico-religious history of this period, and which especially throw light on the character of Cardinal Du Perron.

MARK PATTISON.

Uarda; a Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. (London : Sampson Low & Co., 1877.)

THE very learned and brilliant author of this book tells us distinctly in his Preface that its historical and archaeological features are but of secondary importance, and that he wishes it to be read and criticised simply as a novel. It seems to me that he has not done his book justice by this remark, and that most readers of this, as of his previous novel, *An Egyptian Princess*, will, in spite of the author's directions, pay great attention to the scenery and costume, and even seek to obtain from the story as such some better notion than most people have of Old Egyptian life. The value of historical novels in teaching history has been variously estimated, and scholastic people nowadays are inclined to despise them. To me they seem very valuable aids in giving some sort of life-picture of other days; and if Aristotle thought that tragic poetry was more philosophical than history, on account of its filling out and colouring the dry outlines of hard fact, so a good historical novel may be far more instructive and philosophical than many of our histories. How many people have obtained true and lively views of Charles the Bold from *Anne of Geierstein*, or of the French Revolution from the *Comtesse de Charny*?

When, therefore, an Egyptologist of Prof. Ebers' position gives us an Egyptian novel, based upon the monuments and papyri of the date of Ramses II., we expect, not only entertainment, but solid instruction. Nor will the reader find himself disappointed. The external detail is very carefully filled in. The theological and philosophical views of the priests are expanded in conversations perhaps too lengthy and minute. Characters from all classes of society are introduced, and, though their strange names are at first hard to remember, we must do the author the credit to say that he has kept his characters distinct, and has drawn them with considerable psychological power. But we confess that the less Egyptian the story becomes, the more interesting and life-like is its progress. As the author expressly warns us, he has not excluded modern sentiment, and this *may* not be false, though it cannot be proved true, of the Old Egyptians. The scenery of Mount Sinai, which he knows from personal experience, is very admirably and vividly painted; and we must admire his self-control when he introduces Moses in one scene, and refrains from letting him reappear. This is, indeed, treating the reader most generously.

But when we come to consider the historical sources which he has used, it appears to us that he has made very free use of them indeed in some cases. It is true that, though he says that *Mesu* was the Egyptian name of Moses, he does not shock us with the whole theory of Prof. Lauth, who ascribes the still-extant roving adventures of a *Mohar* of that name to the great law-giver. Still the identification of the names is very doubtful. But this is moderate compared with the account of King Ramses II., taken wholly from the wildest and most extreme flatteries which have survived, in contradiction to many good historical inferences. The king is not only represented as a marvellous warrior, which may be true, but as a father of his people, as a man of genius, of large heart, and great benevolence, which must surely be false. The iron despotism of his rule seems hardly compatible with the gentle and loveable features in Prof. Ebers' picture of him.

We also fancy, from our scanty knowledge of the period, that the noble and intellectual characters of the king's daughter, Bent-anat, and her intimates, are beyond the condition of even the highest ladies of that time; but here, at least, there is nothing to contradict any novelist.

The drawing of the Greek invaders is also a questionable matter. In the first place, the fact of Greek invasions in the fourteenth century B.C. is exceedingly doubtful, nor are the two names occurring on the monuments, which scholars would identify with *Aaraoi* and *'Axaoi*, at all received in this sense by the most cautious critics. But whether the Danai did threaten Egypt under Ramses or not, they were certainly not the beautiful and dignified people represented in the art of Phidias 1000 years afterwards, and yet such they appear in Prof. Ebers' sketch of them. He has warned us in his excellent Preface that we must not imagine the real Old Egyptians as they were represented in their own art. He

notes most justly that the rules and conventions of a strict hieratic canon prevented the artists of Old Egypt, with a very few remarkable exceptions, from attempting to imitate real life, and he calls his novel an *Erlösungswerk*, in which he breaks through stiff formality, and paints them as the most lively and versatile of men. I fear that in the case of the Danai he has allowed himself to fall into a trap of this kind, and has been misled by an artistic type not worse but better than the real men, who have, indeed, been perpetually misconceived, because of the impressions produced by their art.

Here and there through the book there are indications of awful oppression and cruelty, which are without doubt historical, and perhaps the most certain traits which we can attribute to the period. The description of the gold mines, for which he refers to Diodorus, discloses, indeed, one of the most shocking instances of wholesale cruelty that the world has witnessed. But with great good taste, he does not allow these scenes any prominence; they form a dark background to the splendour of the Pharaonic life. The scepticism of the physician Nebsecht, and the Ultramontane policy of the priests, are both probable enough, though they strike us as suggested by the author's personal experiences in the Germany of the present day.

What Prof. Ebers says of the art of the Old Egyptians is to a great extent true of their literature also, so far as we possess it. There are so many forms of politeness, formulas of religion, fixed types of language, and general formality of expression, that it is very hard to conceive warm hearts and wild passions under all this mass of conventional stiffness. Yet our author is certainly right, and has done well to correct the impressions produced by the Egyptian rituals, and inscriptions, and pictures.

His plot is vigorous and full of movement, and if the great number and variety of his characters compel him to produce too many unexpected meetings, they add to the interest and beauty of the story. The reservation of Ramses himself and the epic of Pentaour till the third volume is another instance of wise economy in an author who feels himself in no want of incident, and who has rather too much than too little material at his disposal. Nevertheless, *Uarda* will hardly take a place among first-rate French or English works of fiction; as an instructive and amusing sketch of life in Egypt under Ramses II. it should be widely and heartily welcome.

In adding a few words of criticism on the translation of the work we would not have it imagined that we underrate the difficulty of an idiomatic rendering of one language by another. The translator is apt to see the original through the translation, and so rest satisfied with sentences which seem foreign enough to the English reader. Viewed with a critical eye, there are many faults to be found in the present instance, especially in the earlier parts, in which the English version is often very strongly flavoured with German idioms. There are also some useful notes omitted. There are even some mistakes, such as *haggard* men for *hagere Menschen*, *bird-haunted woods* for

wildreiche Wälder, and *courageously for getrost*—all these in the Preface. Elsewhere we have *thicklegged* for *wadenstark* (used of a man) and *Danaids* for *Danaer*. Such trifles might be multiplied, and, indeed, it is only in the number of them that their weight as objections lies. But anyone who has himself undertaken such a task will justly look away from these particulars, and, more especially in a novel, attend to the general effect of the translation, regarded merely as an English book. He will find it, on the whole, a readable and even spirited rendering, and will be disposed to commend the translator for bringing so interesting a book within the reach of English readers.

J. P. MAHARRY.

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall); an Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes. (London: George Bell & Sons, 1877.)

A GRACEFUL note from Mr. Swinburne to Barry Cornwall which meets us in the forefront of this volume tells us that the older poet had said "in jest" that his writings were less known in 1868 than once they had been. And this is undoubtedly true. We remember that in our young days Barry Cornwall's songs were commonly to be found in school-boys' desks, and many a man of middle-age may trace his first feeling for lyric verse to the charm of those sweet strains. That they are now greatly neglected and forgotten seems owing to the fact that we are a less musical people than the Germans, and that our weakness is chiefly on the side of simple song. The great majority of those who read Heine have been led to him by the charm of his immortal verse when married to the strains of Schubert or Schumann, while Procter found no higher musical accompanist than the Chevalier Neukomm. The very name and form of a song requires that it should be sung, and those fall on evil days who are born into a land and a time when musicians, if we may use the word, drew their inspiration from T. Haynes Bayly and Eliza Cook. Procter's narrative and dramatic poems have been still more neglected than his lyrics, yet we doubt not that the reading world of England, which is not, however, a large one, will come back to both, and the volume before us is certain to stimulate an interest in the works of a man whom all his acquaintance knew, and those who did not know him now find, to have been no idle singer of the day whose fashion passes because it ought to pass, but a true man of letters and real poet. He fell out of men's memories for a time because his words, in the one case, lacked their natural setting, and, in the other, because they did not chime with the temper of an age of transition and hurry.

The volume which enshrines his memory is very pleasant reading, but this is wholly due to Mr. Procter's own part in it, not to his editor. "C. P.'s" part in it is cumbrous and clumsy, abounding in passages and statements which seem to us most disputable, if, indeed, we understand them. We have read, for instance, the first two pages of the book several times with a real desire to discover what "C. P." means by "ir-di-

viduality of character"—what may be the difference between it and "personal individuality"—and have come to the unwilling conclusion that much here is very like nonsense, especially the following sentence:—"Consciousness is the destruction of individuality, and converts it into its mockery, mannerism, or oddity, which is not attached by any living fibre to that common nature in which true individuality has a tap-root of unknown depth."

All that "C. P." has written is "words, mere words," but it is happily unobtrusive, and by no means obscures the grace and pleasantness of what Procter has left on record about himself.

Procter's life was absolutely uneventful. Educated at a preparatory school, and then at Harrow, he was afterwards articled to a country solicitor. He married early and happily, was called to the Bar, took pupils, and became a Commissioner in Lunacy; resigned this on receipt of a pension, and died at a great old age, closing a calm and happy life. His inner life was scarce more eventful. In his quiet business and literary occupations we hear of friends of all opinions, creeds, and politics—nothing of any intellectual or religious difficulties or changes of his own. Three of his daughters became Catholics, "an incident which does not appear to have even ruffled the family peace and affection." His days were full of good and kindly deeds, and his heart was full of peace.

The autobiographical recollections are very interesting, but rather as bearing on the poet's own character than as containing any record of the changes which passed over England or English thought in the course of so long a life: In some things we are struck with the extreme slightness of such changes. Here, for instance, is Harrow in 1800:—

"Thus with every Saint's Day transmuted into a half-holiday, the periods of study were brief enough; and when to this is added the fact that sometimes one master had to superintend a whole class of boys however large, and that after breakfast the morning school-time (the principal one) scarcely, if at all, exceeded half-an-hour, the opportunities for examination of each boy were quite insufficient. The fourth form in my time consisted of from fifty to eighty scholars, about six or seven of whom only were called up and examined during school time, their lessons having been construed beforehand to them by their private tutor. Sometimes a week, even a fortnight, has elapsed without a boy having been examined at all."

If we compare with this the amusing and perfectly truthful *Day of My Life*, by an Eton Boy, we shall find that the tide of time has at least some sluggish currents round the walls of our public schools. Again, though great improvements have no doubt been made in the course of studies, the following statement made of 1800 is far too true even now:—

"The objects of learning in a public school are, I will not say utterly useless, but they occupy by far too great a portion of time for any useful purpose. With the exception of Greek and Latin, all languages are ignored, and all mathematical studies and history. They are totally excluded from school hours, which are solely occupied by Latin and Greek (dead languages), which absorb the time, and consequently force the minds of the boys from studies far more likely to expand and sharpen the general intellect."

Procter's school life, however, was not without advantage to him, and his poetry—much of which is very full of classical allusions—shows that he had fully taken in such teaching as was imparted to him. He was happy at school, but by no means the typical school-boy; rather silent, shy, and reserved, shrinking from all that was boisterous and coarse. He did not like another, and greater, poet who was his schoolfellow—Lord Byron—of whom he says: "He was loud, vulgar, even coarse, and very capable of a boy's vulgar enjoyments. He played at hockey and racquets, and was occasionally engaged in pugilistic combats." Which, being interpreted, only seems to mean that Procter was dreamy and sensitive, and Byron a manly boy capable of entering into healthy amusements. That he had his finer feelings while at school is evident from the deep affection which he felt for Lord Clare and others of his early schoolfellow.

It would not be fair to this interesting book were we to pick out for selection the many anecdotes which Mr. Procter has left about literary and other men whom he knew in the course of his long life. We have quoted the above because it is very typical, and tends to show that Procter was not a deep observer of character, but saw chiefly what lay on the surface, which he could record well, and in picturesque words. He is generally kindly, preferring to dwell on what he liked rather than what he disliked, and having a gentle toleration for persons with whom he is in no strong sympathy. The great exception to this toleration is shown in the case of Godwin, whom he thoroughly detested, and of whom he says: "I have always thought him like one of those cold intellectual demons of whom we read in French and German stories, who come upon earth to do good to no one and harm to many."

Now, none who have studied Godwin's character can deny that there was much in him which was, superficially, unlovely; that when he fell into monetary difficulties he was at once shifty and importunate; that he habitually and of principle strove to maintain a stoical calm, which was irritating to men of more enthusiastic temper. But Mr. Procter did not know his hidden life; the many tender charities when his own needs were sorest, his abiding love for the memory of his first wife—the one romance of his career—the singular power which he possessed in stimulating the imagination and fostering the work of men of no cold temperament, and wholly unlike each other, a power which he retained to the very end of his long career. Had he done so he would have written of Godwin with greater charity, and larger sympathy. To say that "his conduct towards Shelley was merely an endeavour to extract from him as much money as was possible" is one of those singular misstatements arising from imperfect knowledge, which are often too lightly made, and in this instance the correspondence between Godwin and Shelley thoroughly disproves the allegation.

Thus much it has been needful to say, but it must be said also that there are very few passages which show prejudice, and none which show conscious malevolence. Proct-

ter's recollections are, as a rule, illuminated by the sunny light which beams from a cheerful old age. The whole is well worth reading, and if we say that the new poems given in it are inferior to old favourites, it is only in the hope of turning readers to those charming lyrics, which should be far better known than we fear they now are.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

The Age of Anne. By Edward E. Morris, M.A. (London: Longmans & Co., 1877.)

THE reader who seeks in this contribution to the "Epochs of Modern History" for any novelty of information, or for fresh light on the familiar facts of past ages, will close it with a feeling of disappointment. At the commencement of his preface Mr. Morris candidly confesses that the circumstances of his life have prevented him from making any investigations into the State Papers of the Record Office or the British Museum. He has been content to be indebted to the labours of his predecessors for the framework of his history, and has sought, and, we are pleased to be able to add, found a justification of his undertaking in the terseness of his descriptions and the freshness of his sketches. Mr. Morris doubts the possibility of discovering a student able to read through those dreary volumes of Noorden's *Spanische Erbfolgekrieg*, from which he himself has succeeded in rescuing much that would otherwise be lost. A similar accusation is the last that could be brought against his own labours. A special characteristic of this little volume consists in the delineations of the characters of the *dramatis personae*. Many of the heroes of Queen Anne's reign have been painted to the life in a hundred previous works, but, in some instances, an unaccountable neglect has been the lot in school histories of those who in life were foremost on the world's stage. The description of the dazzling career of Lord Peterborough may be commended as an admirable picture of his genius and eccentricities. On the history of the wars in Spain, of which "Mordanto" was the centre, Mr. Morris has bestowed special attention, and has brought the events which occurred in that country out of the blackness of shadow into which they had been thrown by the "glorious victories" of Marlborough. The age of Anne is an age of wars in every part of Christendom. Not a country in Europe but was drawn into the vortex of strife; from the most southerly parts of Spain to the *ultima Thule* of Russia and Sweden every man's hand was lifted against his brother. Mr. Morris would have preferred the more pleasing task of describing the blessings of peace and chronicling the progress of civil and religious liberty, but in gentle Anna's reign few are the pages that are required for such purposes, and he is obliged to find consolation for his disappointment in the thought that the interest taken by the young in the history of battles may lead them to the study of more useful topics. When Mr. Morris has at last brought to a close his weary task of describing wars and rumours of wars, and enters upon the vexed discussions of the advantages and disadvantages for this country of the Treaty of Utrecht,

he throws in his lot with those who condemn it. The critic who acquiesces in this conclusion must forget the change in the attitude of France which followed on the harsh terms offered by her victorious assailants in 1709, and must affect to be ignorant of the discontent felt in England at a war which advanced no faster than the wounded snake of Pope's poetry. He must forget the successes of Villars over Prince Eugene and the collapse of the strife in Spain. Mr. Morris warmly, but not with unnecessary warmth, condemns the heartless indifference of the authors of the treaty in abandoning to the fury of the victorious king of Spain the brave Catalonians who, at the bidding of the English, had struggled vigorously for the success of the Austrian claimant; but does not omit a tribute of praise to the enlightened efforts of Bolingbroke to effect in Queen Anne's reign that treaty of commerce with France which was only concluded a century and a half later.

In his closing chapters Mr. Morris describes the progress of social life and the advancement of literature at this epoch. In 1713 the population of London numbered about 700,000 persons, and the whole population of England and Wales was about ten times that number. At the present time the inhabitants of London and its suburbs have increased to four millions of people and are estimated at one-sixth of the whole population of England and Wales; in the same period the cost of pauperism has increased twentyfold, and the National Debt has advanced "by leaps and bounds." At the end of the war of the Spanish Succession it amounted to 50 millions of pounds, and, after touching the enormous sum of 840 millions still remains at 780 millions, while the proportion to the population of England and Wales has increased from 7l. to 32l. per head. The schoolboys of to-day are to-morrow the leaders of public opinion, and will do well to reflect on the statement of Mr. Morris that the chief glory of the reign of George I. is that in it alone the public debt of England diminished. They will find much to ponder over in the chapter on the economic and social characteristics of the Augustan age, and in the interesting, though necessarily incomplete, sketch of the literature of England and France. We notice that Mr. Morris, in quoting Captain Carleton's *Memoirs*, ignores the general belief that the apparent reality of the narrative is due to the inventive genius of De Foe, and that he insinuates a doubt whether the *Te Deum* of Handel's composition was played in St. Paul's Cathedral to celebrate the proclamation of peace on the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht; but the existence of a few such flaws—if flaws they can be called—detract but little from the accuracy of this excellent little volume.

W. P. COURTNEY.

THE second session of the International Congress of Americanists will take place at Luxembourg from September 10 to September 13. The first day will be devoted to the history of America before Columbus, and of the discovery of the New World; the second to archaeology; the third to linguistics and palaeography; the fourth to anthropology and ethnography.

PRIMITIVE MARRIAGE.

Studies in Ancient History; comprising a reprint of "Primitive Marriage," an Inquiry into the Origin of the Form of Capture in Marriage Ceremonies. By John Ferguson McLennan. (London: Quaritch, 1876.)

(Second Notice.)

MR. MCLENNAN's opinions on "exogamy" and "endogamy" are too well known to need recapitulation here. Nor is it possible, in a short space of time, to enter deeply into the vexed questions debated between Sir John Lubbock, Messrs. McLennan, Morgan, Tylor, and others—as to whether endogamy was due to "a feeling of race-pride," and exogamy to female infanticide or marriage by capture or a desire to prevent the inter-marriage of blood relations; or whether marriage by capture arose from exogamy; or whether the capture of a bride "was intended to bar the rights of the tribe into which she was introduced." About all these questions it is possible to dispute very long and most ingeniously without arriving at any certain result. Impartial observers will, however, be apt to complain when strong assertions are supported by weak evidence. One of Mr. McLennan's favourite hypotheses is that polyandry was once universal. But the amount of evidence which he brings forward in favour of his supposition is very small. After stating, with regard to its present area, that "it prevails universally in Tibet" and among certain non-Aryan peoples, including "the Koryaks to the north of the Okhotsk Sea," he goes on to say: "Crossing the Russian Empire to the west side, we find polyandry among the Saporogian Cossacks; we thus have traced it at points half round the world." But when we look for his proof of the astounding statement that polyandry ever existed among the Zaporogian (or "Beyond the Rapids of the Dnieper") Cossacks, we only learn that "our information concerning the Saporogian Cossacks has been obtained from Sir John M'Neil." And on the faith of this uncommunicated evidence the Europe of to-day is saddled with the charge of polyandry! Nor is the testimony cited to prove that it "at one time existed over even a wider area" strong enough to discredit Sir John Lubbock's opinion that it was and is "an exceptional phenomenon, arising from the paucity of females."

Even where there is no dispute about facts, such caution as investigators like Mr. Tylor show in deducing inferences may well be recommended to all explorers of the prehistoric world. Great have been the learning and the labour bestowed by Prof. Bachofen on his "great work" *Das Mutterrecht*, which, as Mr. McLennan says, "in 1861, announced to the world, for the first time, the discovery that a system of kinship through females only had everywhere preceded the rise of kinship through males." Supposing the truth of this discovery by Prof. Bachofen to be placed beyond a doubt, yet his explanation of its causes will appear to most male readers, to use Mr. McLennan's words, "a pure dream of the imagination." According to the Swiss jurist community in women originally prevailed. But women, nobler

and more sensitive than men, combined under a religious impulse to abolish this state of things, and introduced marriage. But not without an appeal to force, whereby the Amazon myths are explained historically. The women, having conquered, assumed a position of superiority. Children were named after mothers, not after fathers, and rights of succession were traced through women only. At last, however, the "gynaikocracy" which female religion introduced went down before a blow inflicted by male religion. Dionysos promulgated the idea "that fatherdom alone was divine—the father the only true parent, and the mother a nurse merely." Women resisted bravely, and the Bacchanalian excesses of their opponents helped them a good deal. But at last "gynaikocracy" was overthrown by "a religious thought." And this thought was the "immaterial, spiritual, Apollonian" conception of fatherdom. On the ruins of lunar worship arose the solar. To the domestic throne of the woman succeeded the man. Husbands no longer worshipped their wives, and children were named after, and traced descent through, their fathers instead of their mothers. Most of which opinions will by many minds be considered as savouring of Midsummer madness, though it may be true that the Swiss jurist deserves honour "without stint or qualification" for his discovery "that a system of kinship through mothers only had anciently everywhere prevailed before the tie of blood between father and child had found a place in systems of relationships."

More especially when we are dealing with the evidence of witnesses whom it is impossible to cross-examine, testifying to the customs of savages whom they, perhaps, knew but slightly, and whom we do not know at all, must we be especially cautious about coming to hasty and sweeping conclusions. The great mass of Russian wedding-songs in which allusion is made to the purchase or seizure of the bride may be taken as sufficient evidence that at some early period wives were purchased or captured among the Slavs. But the existence, even if its authenticity be undoubted, of the Ambel-Anak form of marriage in Sumatra, in which the woman purchased the man, must not be used as a proof that wives were wont in general to buy husbands. The fact that the Reddies of Southern India marry their grown-up daughters to small-boy husbands, and that a similar practice used to be common in Russia (where it was a common joke that a wife, when going afield to work, often had to carry her sleeping husband with her in her arms), must not be used to prove that the area of "boy-husbandism" extends over a great part of Europe and Asia. The fact that in many countries mothers-in-law are forbidden to speak to their sons-in-law (a custom which some married men among ourselves may possibly deem not unreasonable) may be justly explained by Sir John Lubbock as being "a natural consequence of marriage by capture." But it would hardly be advisable to attribute to any matrimonial cause the fact that in some parts of the Fiji islands "the father may not speak to his son after his fifteenth year." Various ex-

planations have been hazarded of the strange custom known by the name of *Couvade* (from *couver*, to brood), in accordance with which the father of a new-born babe lies in bed and fasts and suffers, while the mother busies herself with her household duties. As it is a custom common to the West Indies, South America, Eastern Asia, and the Béarnais (M. Vinson flatly contradicts M. Michel's statement that it exists among the Basques), it may be supposed to be based upon some idea widely-spread among men. One explanation of it is that "the poor husband," being "tyrannised over by his female relations, took to his bed in self-defence." But it can hardly have been in self-defence that he consented to allow his relations to hack his skin with agouti-teeth, and to draw blood from all parts of his body, and then to wash his wounds with an infusion of Indian pepper, till he suffered "no less than if he were burnt alive," as Du Tertre says was the case with Carib fathers. Nor does Lafitau's suggestion that the custom arose from "a dim recollection of original sin" appear satisfactory. But what would be thought of a commentator who suggested that the prevalence of such an idea over so wide an area testified to a prehistoric period in which men, not women, bore children; and that although, in modern times, we have changed all that, yet the memory of the old system of child-bearing had "crystallised" into the symbol now known as the *couvade*?

It is to be hoped that his keen search after "polyandrous arrangements" will not carry Mr. McLennan too far away from the "more comprehensive work" which is to follow that now before us. To the coming work we shall look forward with lively interest; the present one, though we may differ widely from many of its conclusions, we cannot but heartily recommend to all who study the questions it discusses; strongly advising them, at the same time, to compare with it the important chapters devoted to the subject by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the recently-published volume of his *Principles of Sociology*. W. R. S. RALSTON.

NEW NOVELS.

The Pilot and his Wife. Translated from the Norwegian of Jonas Lie, by G. L. Tottenham. (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons, 1877.)

The Adventures of Nevil Brooke. By C. J. Riethmüller. (London: G. Bell & Sons, 1877.)

Mrs. Arthur. By Mrs. Oliphant. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1877.)

We have taken it into our arrogant heads that nobody but ourselves, and perhaps the French, can possibly write a decent novel. If anybody who has previously entertained this delusion should get hold of *The Pilot and his Wife*, we think we can promise that he will on putting it down be a wiser and by no means a sadder man. The book is partly a description of sailor life, partly a singularly graceful and at the same time powerful picture of minor conjugal difficulties. The hero is Salve Kristiansen, a Norse sailor with a good deal of the spirit of Leontes about him;

the heroine, Elizabeth Raklev, is at first a good deal prouder than Hermione. A misunderstanding in their courtship days leads to the lover going off to South America, where his adventures are described with very great spirit. Coming back to Amsterdam, he meets his old love, and they are married. But his mistrustful nature has never entirely forgiven her the former slight, and her married experiences, though she has his entire heart, are not of the happiest. At last matters come to a crisis, and they are on the point of separating, but Elizabeth's nobility of spirit and her husband's better angel prevent this, and from this nettle of danger they pluck a flower of safety for their future lives. The truth and delicacy of character-drawing throughout are quite admirable. We ought to add that Mr. Tottenham's rendering is exceedingly good, giving very little sign that the story has been transplanted from its original tongue.

Mr. Riethmüller's story is of a strictly historical character, as his second title, *How India was Won for England*, pretty plainly confesses. He has evidently devoted himself to the book which was such a favourite with Colonel Newcome, Orme's *History*, and has combined his information with a little fiction of the orthodox love-and-adventure kind. The kind is very orthodox, not to say ordinary, and Mr. Riethmüller's skill in it is not strikingly great. Indeed, the book somehow brings to our minds Scott's *Surgeon's Daughter*, not generally considered one of his happiest efforts, if we are not mistaken. But it is a book to be welcomed in some measure, especially at the present moment, as recalling some at least of the circumstances of one of the most wonderful of historical achievements. The author, despite his German name, appears to be a very good Englishman, even to the display of the engaging partiality which distinguishes the race. He blames, and very justly, the scandalous ingratitude of France to Dupleix. But was our own treatment of Clive so entirely free from blame on the same score?

It is always pleasant and refreshing to read Mrs. Oliphant's novels, and assuredly neither pleasure nor refreshment is lacking to the reader of *Mrs. Arthur*. The story is a decidedly original one, though it has a certain resemblance, more in kind than in anything else, to a rather remarkable book of Miss Tytler's, *What She Came Through*, which appeared some month or two ago. The object of both appears to be to show how very detestable women can be, and for exhibiting this with a boldness which no man with the fate of Pentheus before his eyes would have dared to use the two ladies deserve the thanks of all mankind. It is, we fear, impossible to deny that women as ungracious and unreasonable as Pleasance Hatton and Nancy Bates do exist; nay, more, that their ungraciousness and unreasonableness are only exaggerations of specially feminine qualities. But we should not have dared to say as much had not two ornaments of the sex pointed our moral for us in these two novels. *Mrs. Arthur* is in reality Mrs. Arthur Curtis, daughter of a suburban tax-gatherer and wife of a baronet's son who has come to read for his degree in her neighbourhood.

She is very pretty, and apparently very superior to her family, so the young man marries her in spite of his people, and in spite likewise of certain ominous outbreaks of her obviously infernal temper. The wedding-day witnesses one of the worst of these, for no particular reason except that the young woman chooses to consider herself insulted by her husband's not unnatural shudder at a salmon-coloured silk travelling-dress. But they reach Paris in safety, and there Nancy's peculiarities have full play. She decides that the French of the *Comédie Française* must be bad because she cannot understand it; is of opinion that *La Gioconda* is sly but exactly like Lizzie Brown; refuses altogether to go and look at all these churches, and pines for a Bath bun in the midst of the triumphs of Parisian art. All this, to be sure, is natural enough, and serves her husband quite right. But what is not quite so well deserved is that she visits the disappointments of her ignorance and her lack of cultivation upon him, attempts a furious quarrel every day, and, finally, very nearly indulges in personal violence to an unlucky aunt of his who ventures near her, besides writing an atrocious epistle to his mother. However, the unfortunate youth bears it all like an angel, partly because he is still very much in love, and partly because he cannot help himself, the progress of civilisation having left the English gentleman without the methods of correcting scolds and vixens which were open to his less scrupulous ancestors. When they go home—for she insists on establishing herself in close proximity to her excellent parent the tax-gatherer—things become even worse, and at last, in a more than usually irrational outburst, she leaves her husband's house altogether. The third volume tells the story of her resuscitation, but somehow does not carry the reader along with it as do the first two. They may have been happy ever afterwards, but we are inclined to doubt it. Katharine was tamed, certainly, but then Katharine was a lady, and her apostrophe to the "young budding virgin" shows that she had a sense of humour. Moreover, between Petruchio and such a poor creature as Arthur Curtis there is a long way. Meanwhile, if heroines of this class become common, we fear that the indolence of contemporary man will lead him rather to agitate for increased facility of divorce than to take lessons from Grumio's indefatigable master. The book, however, is a very delightful book. The Bates family are perfect, and so is the great coach, Mr. Eagles, with his perpetual sarcastic refrain on the imbecility of parents.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Cassell's History of the United States. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Cassell, Petter and Galpin.) In the second volume of this popular History, which opens with the surrender of Quebec in 1760, Mr. Ollier brings us down to the year 1826, so that it includes the most exciting, if not the most interesting, period in the history of America. Mr. Ollier has evidently taken great pains to write a truthful as well as an impartial history, and, on the whole, we think he has succeeded. The authorities he has consulted are the latest and the most trustworthy, inasmuch as they are based on

original documents — take, for instance, C. F. Adams' Life of his grandfather, Jefferson's autobiography, and Bancroft's *History of the United States*. Mr. Ollier's work is illustrated with a variety of facsimiles, some of which are extremely interesting, as, for example, the following characteristic proclamation of Sir William Howe, issued in 1775 (p. 187) :—

"Teuero duec nil desperandom [sic]. First Battalion of Pennsylvania Loyalists commanded by his Excel. Sir Wm. Howe, K.B. All intrepid able bodied Heroes Who are willing to serve his Maj. King George the third, in defence of their Country, Laws and Constitution against the arbitrary usurpations of a tyrannical Congress, have now not only an opportunity of manifesting their spirit, by assisting in reducing to obedience their too long deluded Countrymen but also of acquiring the polite accomplishments of a soldier by serving only two years or during the present rebellion in America. Such spirited fellows who are willing to engage will be rewarded at the end of the War, besides their laurels, with 50 Acres of land where every gallant Hero may retire. Each Volunteer will receive as a Bounty, five dollars, besides arms, clothing and accoutrements and every other requisite proper to accommodate a gentleman soldier by applying to Lt.-Col. Allen or at Capt. Kearny's rendezvous, at Patrick Tonry's, three doors above Market St. in Second Street."

We are congratulating ourselves just now on the satisfactory state of our recruiting system, which has induced the War Office authorities not only to raise the standard of height for part of the British army, but also to reduce the maximum limit of age to twenty-five years; and recruiting has been stopped altogether for the Engineers and most of the Cavalry regiments. This was very different a hundred years ago. Then to obtain a sufficient supply of soldiers was the great difficulty. Money was forthcoming in abundance; arms were to be had to any amount; but men were scarce. There had been seven years of fighting, and both sides were beginning to tire of the bitter struggle, feeling that it might be prolonged indefinitely. The unfunded debt amounted to 30,000,000/., and a force of 3,000 men was the utmost that could be despatched on any foreign expedition. The disaster of Yorktown was the last signal that a further continuation of the struggle was hopeless, and, although concession after concession was made by England, they came too late. "In the blood of all those thirteen States the passionate exultation of a new life and the ancient and solid force of England recoiled before the sudden spring of a young giant." These words are Mr. Ollier's, the italics are ours. The inauguration of the first President of the United States, George Washington, took place on April 23, 1789. His triumphal progress from Mount Vernon to New York, his enthusiastic reception in that city, and all the attendant circumstances of his inauguration as President, are well described by Mr. Ollier. Ten years later and the name of Washington was of the past. A neglected cold caused the death of "the greatest character of that epoch and nation," on December 14, 1799, after little more than a day's illness, in the sixtieth year of his age, at his favourite residence, at Mount Vernon. The popular grief at his loss was universal, and when the news reached France, Bonaparte, then First Consul, issued the following order of the day to the army (February 9, 1800) :—

"Washington is dead! This great man fought against tyranny; he established the liberties of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as it will be to all free men of the two Worlds, and especially to French soldiers, who like him and the American soldiers have combated [sic] for liberty and equality."

This volume is profusely illustrated, the medallion portraits in general being very good, though we would ask whether the portrait at p. 49 is a likeness.

LORD HOUGHTON'S Aldine *Keats* (George Bell and Sons) is a welcome present for all lovers of English

verse. For the first time the whole of the poet's poetry is made accessible in one volume, with all the advantages of size and print which distinguish the series in which it appears. The editor has condensed the substance of his previous writings on Keats into an excellent little Introduction of thirty pages; and throughout the book, wherever it appears necessary, short foot-notes, or sometimes brief prefatory remarks, supply information as to the circumstances of the different poems. Various readings are also carefully noted, and the whole is one of the most satisfactory and scholarly pocket-editions that we have ever had the luck to fall in with. Lord Houghton has not hesitated to introduce in the text compositions not written by his author, but produced in competition with, or in reply to, his own work. Thus we have Leigh Hunt's "Grasshopper and Cricket" sonnet, and (one after the other) the three Nile sonnets of Hunt, Keats, and Shelley, the last, as is well known, only recently recovered. The triad exhibits the odd (but in such matters perhaps not unusual) result of the worst poet producing incomparably the best poem. The general arrangement of the book is, as it ought to be, chronological, and gives full opportunity for studying at leisure the product of almost the briefest and (considering its brevity) certainly the most brilliant of poetical careers. To many readers who have before known only the older editions of Keats, and have not in their hands the present editor's former labours, much of the volume will be absolutely new. "Otho the Great" (the chief work not included in the old single-volume edition of Moxon) will hardly give anyone very lively pleasure, and "King Stephen," fragment as it is, will probably confirm the impression that Keats could under no circumstances have made a mark as a dramatist. Neither does a renewed reading of the "Cap and Bells" dispose us to regret the non-completion of the poem, though it is possible that some persons may be less sceptical than we are of the possibility of naturalising burlesque narrative in English poetry. The two doubtful pieces, "What sylph-like form" and "Pleasures lie thickest," will amuse those who care for literary problems. That the former is at least "a clever imitation" most people will, we think, agree with the editor. The comparison of the two versions of "Hyperion" is another opportunity of critical exercise, though the search after a comparative estimate of excellence in such matters is perhaps rather an idle amusement. A more important matter for the literary historian is the additional force and clearness with which this collected edition of Keats shows his enormous influence (an influence hardly inferior perhaps to that of Shelley or Wordsworth) on later English poetry, especially that of our own day. There is hardly such another instance of a man's interrupted work being continued for him after his premature death.

Troubadours and Trouvères. By Harriet W. Preston. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.) This is an extremely pretty book, with not a few pretty things in it, but its title is certainly a misnomer. Except the vaguest allusions, we cannot find anything about the *trouvères* at all. A chapter entitled "The Arthuriad," which might be presumed to have something to do with *chansons de geste*, is merely a very elaborate and laudatory review of Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and of some of their sources, chiefly Sir Thomas Mallory and Geoffrey of Monmouth, to neither of whom, we think, would the title of *trouvere* be considered exactly applicable. The troubadours are less harshly treated; but the bulk of the book is really devoted to their late descendants, Jacques Jasmin, Frédéric Mistral and Théodore Aubanel. The two chapters in which the last-named poet's miscellaneous work and Mistral's *Calendau* are handled are very much the best and most interesting in the book. Both these, and those allotted to the elder Provençal poetry are crammed with excellent translations. It is, indeed, as a translator, that Miss Preston must, and, we

think, can, fairly claim literary rank. Her critical dicta will hardly be allowed to pass unchallenged, and her history is not altogether sound. It is extraordinary that so diligent a student of one section of modern French poetry should be so ignorant of the other and main section as to say that it is "colourless and poor both in rhythm and rhyme." And it is odd that a careful translator and warm admirer of the famous anonymous *aubade*, "En un vergier sotz fuelha d'albespi," should quote a comment on it without mentioning Mr. Swinburne's splendid paraphrase. However, much may be forgiven to the introducer into English speech of such poets as Mistral and Aubanel (for Jasmin is not only much more widely known, but also, we think, of less account). It is to be hoped that the extracts in this book may induce many people to make fuller acquaintance with *Mirèio* and *Calendau*, of the former of which poems Miss Preston has, we believe, published a complete translation. Had the place of the essay on the *Laureate* been occupied by a somewhat fuller account of the older Provençal poetry, we should have been able to praise the book with far less reserve.

THE sixth and last volume of M. Van Laun's *Molière* (Edinburgh: Paterson) has appeared. We have spoken of the merits and defects of this translation so frequently that there can be hardly any need to dwell on them again. It is quite obvious that the interval between the appearance of the first volume and that of the last (nearly two years) has not been utilised for the purpose of revising or improving the work. There are, indeed, in this part some worse blunders than we remember to have noticed before, as, for instance, in *Les Femmes Savantes*, I. ii., where Clitandre is made to say "my heart feels no constraint to make a frank avowal" instead of "in making," thereby exactly contradicting the sense. On the whole, these six stately volumes with their exquisite (though sadly worn) illustrations are rather a melancholy sight to any man who loves a handsome book much, but a good one more. They will always fill their shelf imposingly enough, and their anthology of half-forgotten English plays will be pleasant to turn over at odd times. But as far as a fair representation of Molière to the English reader goes they leave the gap unfilled.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, in leaving the professorial Chair of Poetry at Oxford, has published a second series of *Lectures on Poetry*, delivered in the capacity of Professor. To these he has appended a few original poems, and the whole forms a volume which is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. The subjects of the lectures do not offer any special novelty; the lecturer discourses of Wordsworth and Scott, and of *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. Walter Scott is dangerous ground for a romantic professor, but, of course, Wordsworth and Shakspeare are themes on which infinite wisdom might be spoken. Sir Francis Doyle, as all readers of his first series will remember, writes freshly and graciously, prattling or warbling on with a great deal of enthusiasm and nice feeling. But it is a question whether the gifts which would be effectively and instructively exercised before an audience in some provincial town-hall on a winter's night are sufficient to satisfy the wants of Oxford students. Sir Francis Doyle's original poems are worse than his prose. It is hard to say anything kind about them, but, on the whole, those on military subjects are more readable than the others, and "The Quick March of the Fourteenth Regiment" seems the best of all.

PROF. VON HOLTZENDORFF has just published a series of sketches of English provincial life, under the title *Ein Englischer Landsknecht*. In the modest form of a narrative of a visit paid by him to an English gentleman at his country-seat in Gloucestershire, and of the conversations held and the sights witnessed by him on that occasion, the author communicates a great many inter-

esting and original observations of his own and of his host's on English county magistrates, county prisons, reformatories, self-government, and various other subjects. Prisons and reformatories are Prof. von Holtzendorff's specialty, and it is with pleasure, therefore, that the English reader will infer from his remarks the favourable impression which the distinguished author has formed of those English institutions of this kind which came under his observation. He even holds out as a model to his own countrymen the public spirit of English country squires, which he considers as the main source of these and other similar benevolent institutions in England, and as the necessary corollary of English self-government. His observations on German as opposed to English country squires are too characteristic not to be transcribed here in full. He says:—

"Our country squires are able, valiant, nay, incomparable officers in the army; they are good husbands and fathers, and often, also, intelligent and successful managers of their estates. But whenever any calamity befalls them, they turn to the legislative powers of the country for redress. It was during the long era of absolute rule that they lost the habit of acting for themselves where the public benefit was concerned, and now they go to the length of lamenting, as an intolerable annoyance, their being called in for a fortnight every second year as members of a jury. Things have moved in a circle in Germany; the selfishness of the old Parliaments led to the establishment of absolute monarchies; the absolute monarchies engendered a hierarchy of government officials, which suppressed every movement of a more independent spirit, and this despotic system reacted upon the land proprietors, and made them, in their turn, mindful of their own interests only."

Prof. von Holtzendorff's thoughtful little book is rich in other historical parallels of the same kind between the institutions of England and Germany.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. ALLEN AND CO. have in the press a new Reading Book for the use of Schools in India where English forms part of the educational course. It has been prepared by Mr. Arthur N. Wollaston, of the Home Civil Service, who recently published a new translation of the Persian *Anwārī Suhaili*; and the principle on which it is based appears a true one. Instead of launching the young Indian student at once into the midst of thoroughly foreign ideas and expressions—in other words, instead of putting into his hands a volume containing idiom, thought, character, interest, and moral as foreign as the language—he is gradually led to a contemplation of such novelties, through a preparatory course of reading from adaptations, if not actual translations, of well-known tales in his own vernacular, or a tongue equally familiar to his school-room. Mr. Wollaston's diligence and ability are efficient guarantees for the successful performance of the work undertaken.

SEVERAL volumes of interest have been recently added to the Manuscript collection of the British Museum. Among those of value for the historian may be noticed:—Accounts for works at Westminster for the coronation of King Edward II.; the original MS. of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey; instructions to commissioners for an ecclesiastical survey, temp. Henry VIII.; Register of admissions to the freedom of the City of London in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., unfortunately damaged by fire; an anonymous and detailed account of the trial of the Earl of Stafford; and two volumes of miscellaneous correspondence of the family of Fairfax, from 1518 to 1827. In addition there is "The Sad complaint of Mary, Queen of Scots," A.D. 1601, and other poems, by Thomas Wenman; and Agnes Beaumont's narrative of persecutions in connexion with John Bunyan. A large number of original letters of the poet Gray to Dr. Warton, 1740-1771, have also been acquired, with autograph copies of the "Elegy" and "Bard."

Under the head of autographs are to be placed a volume of letters to Sir John Hippesley, in which are several from the Princess Royal, daughter of George III., and the Duke of Württemberg, her husband; a volume of miscellaneous letters of distinguished Germans, among whom are Goethe, Klopstock, Kotzebue, Herder, Grimm, and Niebuhr; and corrections of the Greek inscription on the Rosetta Stone, by the hand of Porson, in a copy of the printed work, *Coins of the Seleucidae*. An early MS. of George Wither's metrical version of the Psalms differs partially from the printed edition; and there is another, and anonymous, version of 1648-1650. Among miscellaneous additions are two volumes of Swan-marks of the early part of the last century; and of more modern interest is the correspondence of Samuel Crompton on his inventions for spinning, 1801-1802. The account of the voyage of the fleet under Prince Rupert to the West Indies, in 1649-1650, is the earliest volume relating to travels; but the journal kept in Egypt by Burkhardt early in the century, and the journals of Beke's travels in Abyssinia in 1841-1843, with his maps and drawings, have also been added to the collections. By bequest of the late Rev. Thomas Hugo, the Museum has become possessed of his collections for the history of Somersetshire, and of his archaeological and antiquarian papers; and for the history of Shropshire the recent sale of the Mytton collection added twenty-seven volumes. A rare opportunity has been happily seized of securing two very valuable volumes of music, which contain autograph compositions of Handel, and, among them, new arrangements of the Dettingen Anthem and "As pants the hart." The bulk of Handel's MSS. having been deposited in the Royal Libraries, only isolated volumes (and those at rare intervals) can be looked for in the market. Specimens of illuminated manuscripts become year by year more difficult to find. The trustees of the Museum are, therefore, to be congratulated upon their good fortune in obtaining one of those rare MSS. known as "Exultet" rolls, so called from the first word of the hymn chanted at the consecration of the Paschal Candle which they contain. Many feet in length, the roll is peculiar in having the illuminations with which it is adorned reversed in such a way that, as the hymn proceeded, the priest could pass it gradually over the front of the desk, thus enabling the people to see and examine the different miniatures as they hung before them, while at the same time his reading of the text suffered no interruption. It is written in Lombardic characters of the twelfth century; the miniatures being of good execution and precious specimens of early Italian art. Similar rolls are in the Vatican, Minerva, and Barberini libraries at Rome.

PROF. VOLLMÖLLER, of Erlangen, has just edited the Munich *Brut*, a translation, in Early French verse, of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, but not to be confounded with Wace's well-known translation and expansion of the same work.

MR. FURNIVALL has all the six Texts of his edition of the *Canterbury Tales* in type for the Chaucer Society. He hopes to issue them this month as the last part of the text of the *Canterbury Tales*, the first of the Society's books for the present year. Next year Prof. Corson's Indexes and Mr. Furnivall's Introduction will be issued.

WE understand that a new and revised edition of Mr. Henry Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics* is in the press, and will be published in the course of the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

M. VINSON's notes to his translation of the Hungarian scholar M. Ribáry's essay on the Basque Language have provoked some scathing *Remarques* from Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, which the latter has now reprinted from the *Transactions* of the Philological Society of Paris, where they first appeared.

MR. FRANKLIN TAYLOR is engaged upon a *Primer of Pianoforte Playing*, intended to assist the student in mastering the technical difficulties of that art. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

DR. MORITZ TRAUTMANN, of Gohlis, near Leipzig, writes to Mr. Furnivall:—

"I flatter myself that my own article in our new quarterly, the *Anglia*, will be of particular interest to English readers, as it settles a question hitherto only treated of by Englishmen. I have divided the whole into four parts. In the first I state the different opinions uttered with respect to the works and person of Huchown; in the second I show that the nine poems attributed to Huchown are not the productions of one, but of five men; in the third part I prove that the poems of Huchown are the alliterative version of *Morte Arthure* (Early English Text Society, ed. Brock) and *Susanne* (printed by Laing in the *Remains of Scottish Poetry*), and that Huchown's *Antyre of Gawayne*, referred to by Wyntown, is nothing but an episode of *Morte Arthure* (vv. 2,371-3,031); in the fourth part I show that Huchown was a Scotchman, and that Chalmers's opinion, according to which Huchown and Sir Hugh of Eglington are one and the same person, is most probably correct."

THE New York *Nation* announces the death of Prof. Taylor Lewis, at the age of seventy-five, "a man of original and versatile genius; an exegete, a theologian, and a student of languages, though not of language;" and of Mr. Edward Quincy on May 17, at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Quincy was a strong Abolitionist, and a voluminous contributor to periodical literature; in 1854 he published *Wensley: a Story without a Moral*; in 1867, his *Life of Josiah Quincy*; and in 1875 an edition of fourteen speeches delivered by his father while in Congress.

IN *Englische Studien* Dr. Buff, following up a suggestion of Oldys, gives an elaborate argument to show that the tract entitled *Some Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollander and other Nations*, commonly ascribed to Sir W. Raleigh and printed among his works, was really from the pen of a certain John Keymer. The argument is quite satisfactory without further proof. Dr. Buff, however, adds that a tract of Keymer's, calendared by Mrs. Green (*Calendar of Domestic State Papers*, 1619-23, p. 208) among the undated papers of 1620, is, in all probability, this one, and that its real date is towards the end of 1622. An inspection of the MS. in question shows that Dr. Buff's conjecture is right, and that we have thus positive proof in favour of the correctness of his whole argument.

MR. JOHN T. GILBERT, F.S.A., formerly Secretary of the Public Record Office, Ireland, author of the *History of the Viceroys of Ireland*, whose illness we noticed some time since, has, we are glad to say, returned to Dublin quite restored to health, and able to continue his labours in connexion with the National MSS. of Ireland and the Royal Commission on Historical MSS.

THE Hanseatic History Society, at its seventh annual meeting, which took place at Stralsund about the end of May, has resolved that all the Hansa *Recesse* shall be published in full, as also the minor papers relating to the history of the Hansa, as far as they tend to illustrate the earlier period of its history; while those bearing on the later epochs shall be published in an abridged form only. Dr. Von Ropp and Dr. Schäfer are to continue publishing the *Recesse* of 1430-1470 and 1470-1530 respectively.

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Nashville, commencing on August 29.

THE Marcellin-Guérin prize of 5,000 francs, awarded by the French Academy, is to be divided for the present year between M. E. Pelletan, for his work entitled *Le Pasteur du Désert*, and M. Capmas, whose *Lettres inédites de Mdme. de Sévigné* we reviewed on December 30 last.

MR. EDWARD BASIL JUPP, F.S.A., died at the Paragon, Blackheath, on the 30th ult., aged 65. Strongly imbued with antiquarian tastes, and thoroughly versed in the early history of the London Companies, he published in 1848 an admirable account of the Carpenters' Company. About 1870 he printed for private circulation 150 copies of *Genealogical Memoranda Relating to R. Wyatt*, with an account of the almshouses founded by him in the picturesque town of Godalming.

MR. SPEIRS announces a third edition of *Swedenborg: the Spiritual Columbus*, with translations into German and Norwegian. A special edition in a new system of spelling is also to be shortly published through Mr. Pitman, of Bath.

THE current number of the *Archivio Storico* is chiefly devoted to continuations of previous articles. It contains, however, a memoir by De Reumont on the life of the Prince and Princess of Craon and their relations with the affairs of Tuscany during the first half of the eighteenth century. There is also an article by Signor Malfatti, giving an account of the steps recently taken in Germany to carry on the publication of Pertz's *Monumenta*, and urging the necessity of a similar work for Italy. Signor Malfatti truly observes that the civil unity of Italy is far from reaching the level of its political unity; consequently, a large number of local societies work separately in the publication of historical documents, and no organised attempt is made to supplement and extend Muratori's magnificent collection. Certainly at present the student of Italian history finds it very difficult to discover what chronicles have been published since Muratori's time, and where they are to be found. We notice, however, that the Società Storica Lombarda has just published the first volume of a *Biblioteca Historica*, for the publication of Lombard chronicles at present unedited. The first volume contains the history of Scipione Vegio, Gaudenzio Merula, and Giovanni Battista Speciano, and deals with the events of the important years 1515-1526. There has also been published the first volume of the Annals of the building of the Duomo of Milan, edited by Signor Brighi; it extends from 1386 to 1411, and is full of interesting information on matters of history, architecture, and economy alike.

THE *Nuova Antologia* for May contains the first of a series of articles by Signor M. Minghetti on the influence of Italian women as patrons of the Fine Arts in Italy during the period of the Renaissance. Signor Minghetti considers that the position of women has not been sufficiently estimated, and he has undertaken a survey of the relations which can be shown to have existed between artists and the Princesses of the Italian Courts.

THE present state of things at the Norwegian University of Christiania is very instructive to all who take an interest in the great question of University organisation. The professors at Christiania are nearly all very poorly paid, beginning on 200*l.* a year, which rises by small degrees until the happy maximum of about 340*l.* is reached after twenty-seven years of service. When we consider that life at Christiania is almost as dear as in London, the result naturally is that the professors are obliged to take all kinds of outside work, so that unremunerative science and research are neglected. Some of the professors teach at schools, some go about the country lecturing for money (the regular University lectures being free), some are railway-, some bank-directors, while professors of medicine get up a practice on a large scale, &c. Some of them, however, wishing to live and work for science exclusively, but finding it incompatible with the increasing wants of a family, got up a petition two years ago for a general increase of salaries, which was signed by nearly all the professors. But it was feebly sup-

ported by the Government, and rejected by the Storthing. The same was the fate of an application by Prof. J. Storm for a grant of 100*l.* for two years in order to enable him to finish a work of national importance on which he was engaged—a History of the Norwegian language. It is this treatment of Norway's best men which has driven so many of them to seek an asylum in foreign countries, or else, as we have seen, practically to give up science altogether. It is almost superfluous to mention that Prof. Storm, especially, enjoys a European reputation as a Romance philologist, and is probably the first living authority on the phonology of these languages. This sordid policy is partly explained by the fact that the leading party in the Storthing are the peasants, many of whom are niggardly misers, who cannot conceive how a man can squander away so vast a sum as 300*l.* a year, measuring the expenditure of town life by their own totally different circumstances. It is certainly better not to endow science at all than to endow it inadequately.

FRANZ VON LÖHER, keeper of the Royal Bavarian State Archives, has started a new periodical, the first volume of which has been published in Stuttgart, by W. Spemann, under the name of *Archivalische Zeitschrift*. It contains two treatises by the editor, "Ueber den Beruf unserer Archive in der Gegenwart" and "Ueber das bairische Archivwesen," an admirable description of the new organisation of the archives in Italy, by Prof. Zahn of Gratz; an essay, by Director Burkhardt of Weimar, on the construction of Record Offices; some exceedingly interesting "Erinnerungen eines alten Archivar's," by Prof. Spach, who has distinguished himself, first in the French and now in the German service, at Strassburg; and a number of smaller articles, among which one by Rockinger, "Ueber Schreibstoffe in Bayern," deserves special notice.

A NEW edition of Burkhardt's celebrated work, *Die Cultur der Renaissance*, is prepared, by Dr. Ludwig Geiger, of Berlin; the first volume has just appeared, the second will be published next winter.

Prince Ritto; or, The Four-leaved Shamrock is the title of a new Fairy Tale to be published by Messrs. Low and Co. It is written by Fanny W. Currey, and illustrated with facsimile reproductions of drawings by Helen O'Hara.

THE LATE MR. J. L. MOTLEY.

THE literature which is common to both branches of our race has suffered a great loss by Mr. Motley's death. It is needless to record the various tentative efforts by which he strove, for long in vain, to win a place among the band of writers whom the world holds in honour. He will only be known by posterity as the author of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, of the *History of the United Netherlands*, and of the *Life of John of Barneveldt*. It would have been hard to find any subject in the whole range of history more suited to his powers than that which he chose for his first great work. An ardent lover of heroism, and especially of heroism displayed in the cause of national independence, Mr. Motley was no less ardent an admirer of a broad and tolerant religion, while he regarded with the bitterest aversion every act which savoured of cruelty or oppression, especially when it was exercised in the name of religion. Even alone the dire and desperate struggle of the young Republic against overwhelming odds would have been certain to attract his attention. But the fortunes of the Dutch Republic combined with the tragedy of William the Silent, the wise, the heroic, and the tolerant, fascinated him as nothing else could do. His book became a record of a long struggle of right against wrong, of liberty against tyranny, a struggle in which the right cause had what is often denied to it, a leader worthy of itself. Moral

sympathy will not, however, make an historian, and it was to the diligent investigations which he conducted among the records of the country whose birth he was about to describe, conjoined with his powers of throwing the results of his investigations into a stirring and picturesque narrative that Mr. Motley owed the sudden reputation which the publication of his first volumes gained him. One other merit he possessed of no slight importance. It is hardly too much to say that Spanish captains and statesmen were as much his enemies as they were the enemies of William the Silent and Maurice. He made himself a citizen of the young Republic, struggled with the burghers of Leyden, and suffered with the victims of Naarden and Haarlem. Yet, like Henry VIII., he knew a man when he saw him, and he could devote pages of loving labour to the bravery of Mondragon, and to the consummate generalship and the statesmanlike wisdom of Alexander of Parma.

If the *History of the United Netherlands* is not so great a book as the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, the fault lies partly in the nature of the subject. The interest is more divided. The greater hero is at the head of the worse cause. Alexander of Parma is, as a man, a head and shoulders taller than Maurice of Nassau. But the fault was also in some degree Mr. Motley's. As long as he had to tell of the sieges of Antwerp and Ostend the reader felt no weariness, and the English reader of candid mind would feel special pleasure in being rescued from the delusion which had so long blinded his eyes to the share taken by the brave Dutch in causing the failure of the Armada, and in the victorious onslaught on Cadiz. But the fields of diplomacy were a sad temptation to Mr. Motley. An historian who neglects to study the countless despatches in which diplomacy has been wont to spin its airy web, will be certain to be ignorant of much that he ought to know. But the historian who will not resolutely content himself to omit entirely about three-quarters of what he has learned, and to boil down the remainder to a highly concentrated essence, will weary his readers. This is precisely what Mr. Motley too often did. His pages were crowded with move and countermove, with argument and rejoinder, till the thread of the negotiation could be seized with difficulty even by the most attentive reader.

The *Life of John of Barneveldt* brought out another defect in Mr. Motley, which had to a great extent escaped notice in his earlier works. He could be just to a man whom he disliked, but he could not be just to a cause which he disliked. He did not understand how to temper his own objective judgment on opinions and actions by the subjective judgment which takes account of the special circumstances under which the actors have gone astray, and of the special modes of thought which have made their mistakes inevitable. In the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* this did not so much matter. No amount of equitable judgment could make the government of Philip II. much less black than it was, or rehabilitate the executioners of the Council of Blood. But Mr. Motley's inability to enter into unfamiliar opinions made him unjust to Maurice in his story of the quarrel which led to the execution of Barneveldt. It is impossible to regret that Mr. Motley's proposed History of the Thirty Years' War did not see the light. The blunders which he committed whenever he touched on German affairs in his *Life of Barneveldt* were simply ludicrous. But it is an irreparable misfortune that he did not live to tell, as no one else could have told, the tale of the great stadholder of Frederick Henry, to narrate the glories as he had narrated the struggles of the Republic, to blazon the achievements of the conqueror of Hertogenbosch and Maestricht and Breda, and to paint in brighter colours still how, under the wise prudence of the youngest and noblest son of the liberator, religious liberty was given to the land which was to be as great in arts as in arms, and which was to be the initiator of mightier but more backward nations into the ways of spiritual and

intellectual freedom. It was a task worthy of Mr. Motley's pen, and his pen was worthy of the task.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

It is no slight loss to English literature which is recorded in the death, at Regent's Park, on May 25, in her fifty-seventh year, of Menella Bute Smedley, the elder daughter of the Rev. Edward Smedley, some time second master of Westminster School, and one of the authors of *Poems written for a Child*. As long ago as the days of *Sharpe's Magazine*, Miss Smedley acquired a name as the author of a story called the "Maiden Aunt," and another, for which she herself professed a preference, "The Use of Sunshine;" and from that day to this her pen has been active in the work of periodical and less fugitive literature both in prose and verse. With her sister, Mrs. Hart, she won the approval of many critics by the *Poems for a Child*, her special part in which was the graver and more thrilling poems, touching the Arctic wolves, the fishermen of Brixham, and the Slave Troop, a reminiscence of Bishop Mackenzie's heroism; but on her own account she was the author of several novels, one of the best of which was *Linnet's Trial*; and of her aptitude for success in dramatic composition a volume called *Lady Grace*, and two more recent dramas, were a sufficient earnest. The secret of her strength as a writer was a keen sense of humour, a masculine education with a womanly sympathy, and a lively faith in the efficacy of literature to rectify abuses and unevenesses. Of late years she interested herself vigorously and personally in Mrs. Senior's work with reference to the boarding-out system, and published a volume upon the subject. Possessed of ample means, through having been left residuary legatee by her cousin, Frank Smedley, the author of *Frank Fairleigh* and *Lewis Arundel*, she fulfilled through life the office of a good steward; and the poor seafaring folk of Tenby, as well as those who took an interest in the life-boat which became an institution of that watering-place, will not soon forget the debt of gratitude due to Menella Smedley.

J. DAVIES.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE newly-issued *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, embracing about twenty papers read before the society in 1876, is one of the largest of the annual volumes which have been presented to the Fellows since 1830, and brings as usual a great store of new geography. It consists this year almost exclusively of descriptive geography, and is strongest in Asiatic and African work. Foremost by far in point of importance and value among the contributions to knowledge of the former continent stand the extracts from Captain the Hon. G. C. Napier's diary of a tour in Khorassan and notes on the Eastern Alburz tract, with the accompanying large-scale map of the frontier countries of Persia and the Turkoman deserts, drawn up by Mr. Trelawney Saunders. Mr. Margary's journey from Hankow to Tali-fu; Mr. Elias's visit to the Shueli valley in Western Yunnan; Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon's paper on the Pamir—the watershed of Central Asia—resulting from the diplomatic mission to Kashgar under Sir Douglas Forsyth, Mr. R. B. Shaw's account of the geography of Kashgaria given by the Mirza Haidar, a prince of the Royal family of Kashgar in the Tarikh-i-Rashidi, a work written about the year 1543 A.D.; and Mr. Barrington d'Almeida's sketch of Perak and Salangore and of the adjacent Malay States; are the other very important Asiatic contributions. For Africa we have an original paper by Dr. Nachtigal, in which he works out the information which he gathered respecting the physical character of the interesting basin of Lake Chad, during his long wanderings in its vicinity. Colonel Gordon's survey and notes on

the White Nile from Lado to the great equatorial lakes, and Lieutenant Watson's traverse survey of the river from Khartum upward to beyond Lado, will be welcomed as giving for the first time an approximately accurate representation of the whole extent of the Upper Nile. It may be remarked that in his calculation of the heights from Lieutenant Watson's barometric observations made on the Nile Mr. Strachan has apparently overlooked the determination of the elevation of the confluence of the Blue and White Niles made by levelling across the desert from Suakin by Berber in 1873 under Ismail Bey, according to which that point lies at 1,240 feet above the sea-level. This should take precedence of any barometric determination, and its adoption as a base would probably reduce very considerably the results obtained for the whole chain of elevations along the river, here given. Though it is to be regretted that we have not yet any full account of the proceedings of the West Coast Livingstone Search Expedition which left this country simultaneously with that under Lieutenant Cameron, and which was recalled on the arrival of the news of Livingstone's death, the publication of Lieutenant Grandy's map of his journey from Ambriz to San Salvador is an important step, as it carries a well-surveyed line through the country which was the stronghold of the Jesuit missions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which, up to the time of Grandy's visit, was only known by the reports of these early explorers. A survey of the River Coanza, the boundary river of the province of Angola, by Carl Alexanderson, is also an important addition to knowledge of West Africa, since this river has within the past two or three years become a great highway of regular steam communication, under British direction, with the interior of the Portuguese West African possessions.

In a little work entitled *The Arctic Expedition of 1875-76* (Warne and Co.), Mr. R. Johnston has put together from official sources a very excellent popular account of the voyage of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and the experiences of their crews in the icy region. It is written in a fair and impartial spirit, and with a full appreciation of the noble efforts of the brave fellows who took part in the work, and of the value of the results accomplished in it.

THE appearance of the first parts of the *Journal of the Danish Geographical Society* (Det Danske Geografiske Selskabs Tidskrift) (Copenhagen: Bergmann and Hause) adds one more to the large crop of periodical geographical publications which is springing up in all directions. It is edited by Prof. Ed. Erslev, and some of the papers with which it begins—such as that on the present condition of Greenland by Dr. Rink, and Admiral Steen Bille's account of the Nicobar islands—give earnest of high value. The addition of a *résumé* of the chief articles in French is a wise step, and will give much wider currency to the journal.

THE possibility of uniting the systems of two of the great fluvial highways of Siberia, the Ob and the Yenisei, is occupying the attention of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, and an expedition is to be despatched this summer to examine the most promising lines of junction: firstly the route discovered in 1873 by Fountussoff, going by way of the Ket, Lomovat, Jazef, and the Little and Great Kass; and the second, more to the north, by way of the Ket, Sochur, Pestchanka, and Chulesma rivers. The second one is not known in any detail, but the first has been already examined by Captain Sidensner's expedition in 1873. This project of the society forms part of a larger scheme for uniting the system of the Lena to those of the two first-named rivers, by way of the Angara, which flows through Lake Baikal, but owing to the necessity of collating all existing information (which is voluminous) regarding this region, this

more ambitious part of the project has been deferred.

By the last Zanzibar mail intelligence has been received that Captain F. Elton, H.M.'s Consul at Mozambique, and a small party of Europeans, were about to start on a shooting and exploring expedition in the Lake Nyassa district. They were to travel on their outward journey by way of the Zambezi, but in returning they will start from the north-east corner of the lake, and make for the nearest point on the coast, thus exploring an entirely new line of country. It is expected that the expedition will occupy about five months, and there can be little doubt that, under an experienced traveller like Captain Elton, valuable results will be achieved, especially with regard to the most practicable route from the coast to Lake Nyassa.

In his annual address, delivered last week, the President of the Royal Geographical Society announced that the Council have under consideration the reorganisation of their Map-Department, the valuable collection in which is open to the public without restriction, though but few people seem to be aware of the fact. The Council have it in contemplation to make their map-room not only more complete and readily accessible, but to increase its utility by giving facilities for the use of their diagrams, when required to illustrate lectures, whether in London or in the country. The fee that will be charged in each case will probably be one or two guineas, according to the value of the diagram, and the concession which it is proposed to grant will, no doubt, be much appreciated by lecturers.

WE understand that Mr. Alfred E. Craven, who has had much experience in travelling in Southern Africa, Australia, India, &c., is about to leave for Zanzibar on a tour of scientific exploration in Eastern Africa. Mr. Craven's principal object will be to make careful study of the natural history of the districts visited, more especially as regards their entomology, but he also intends to do all in his power to advance the cause of geographical discovery. He proposes to make Mpapwa his headquarters for some time, and he will then endeavour to work his way on to Lake Tanganyika.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE *Contemporary Review* sets out with an extra-judicial utterance of our newest Judge on "China, England and Opium," which takes note of the increasing number of consciences sore as regards China, and ashamed that the morality of China, and of India too, weighs for little in the balance against the greed of gold. It is put very clearly before the reader that there is no analogy between the sale of spirits in England and our opium trade with China. Mr. Edward Freeman takes up the subject of "Pedigrees and Pedigree-makers" with an eye to Norman, and not Scottish or British, historic periods, and with various telling illustrations maintains that, while if a pedigree starts in Stuart or Tudor times, it is safe to believe it, when a man says that his ancestors came in with or before the Conqueror, or carries back his pedigree beyond the eleventh century, there is a strong presumption of its falsehood. One *cru* of such early pedigrees is a reference to Domesday; another the assumed claim to a surname before the Conquest. The subject is one which must often have exercised the students of Sir Bernard Burke, though it has rarely been dealt with so lucidly or trenchantly. Dr. Dowden's paper on the "Influence of the French Revolution on Literature," in the persons of Godwin, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Byron, Shelley, and others at home and abroad, is one of the most instructive literary articles in the number; and among "Essays and Notices" it is satisfactory to find a justly severe criticism of *Helen's Babies*, though it might have been written in less slipshod English.

In the *Nineteenth Century* one of the best articles is Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," based on Canon Robertson's materials in the Rolls Series, and illustrated, to the damage of the clergy of the period, by the poems of a contemporary monk, Nigel Wyrraker, the author of the *Speculum Stultorum*. It is hard to gainsay the lesson of this essay, that the issue of Becket's theory of the Church as supreme administrator, while worked by such instruments as the satiric poets of the twelfth century describe, was simply such as might have been expected; in the interest of poetry and legend-lore, however, we wish Mr. Froude had left us Gilbert Becket's Saracenic bride. This paper, as well as the next to it, an account of the results of the Exhibition of 1851, in the purchase of South Kensington by the Royal Commissioners out of the surplus profits, detailed *seriatim* by the Secretary, Mr. Edgar A. Bowring, are to be concluded in future numbers. Mr. C. A. Fyffe has a forcible and seasonable paper on "The Punishment of Infanticide," the recommendations of which it were well if the Government would take in hand and pass into law; and Lady Pollock gives us in bright and lively dialogue the "pros and cons" of the Play as an instrument of national amusement and instruction. She makes a good point where she holds the ball-room a greater incentive to personal vanity than the stage: on the other hand, she yields to her "objector" the modern system of "long-runs" without a shadow of a defence. Among other good articles may be cited the names of Mr. Spedding's "Teaching to Read"—a plea in effect for permissive phoneticism—and "Our Route to India," by Edward Dicey. All the world will doubtless read Mr. Mackenzie on "Disestablishment and Disendowment," and we know that Mr. Gladstone read Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe on "Turkey," on his way to Birmingham.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Matthew Arnold contrives to throw a halo of novel interest around the well-worn biography of George Sand, while he recalls his volunteered visit to her at Berry in 1846, and collects anew, for his own sake and memory, the impression which she made on him thus early, as a writer. In pursuance of this aim he gathers out of four selected works—the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Mauprat*, *François le Champi*, and *Valére*—the chief elements of the author's strain, her first movement of agony and revolt; her trust in nature and beauty, and her movement towards the country, primitive life, and the peasant; and, thirdly, her aspiration for a social new birth, "la renaissance sociale." Sir David Wedderburn contributes a sketch of the Maoris and Kanakas, the New Zealand and Polynesian pure races in contradistinction to the Pakehas or strangers, calculated to sadden the reader, in contemplating the inevitable extinction which is the result of the law of survival of the fittest. Illustrations of the courage, honour, manhood, and self-devotion of the Maoris are multiplied in this pleasant paper; and the heroic self-sacrifice of the half-white, half-Hawaiian, Ragsdale, who gave himself up as a leper, spontaneously, and devoted himself to self-immolation as governor of several hundred others in every stage of leprosy, on the small island of Molokai, is one among many similar instances to induce a regret for the effacement of the polished Hawaiian and the chivalrous Maori. Sir George Campbell speculates on the policies open to us upon the further outlook in the East, and Prof. Sidney Colvin gives his grounds and evidences of a fair prospect of success for the new and well-considered adventure of the Grosvenor Gallery. Among the remainder of the articles "A Leaf of Eastern History," by the late Nassau Senior, is curious as reflecting a light on the character of Mehemet Ali.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for June "The Woman-Hater" ends in happy marriages all

round, and in the author's appeal to influential readers to challenge a full discussion of doctresses' rights and equal footing with doctors. Certificates of full and searching examination, and not of attendances on lectures merely, should be the tests of admission. J. R. S. contributes four graceful bits of poetry; and the story of African exploration during the last twenty years is told with much research, and ample justice to the pioneers of a pathway to the heart of North Central Africa. The episodes of Dr. Krapf and of Livingstone show how much is due to the union of exploration with missionary enterprise, and it is satisfactory to find due recognition of the discoveries by Speke of Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, and by Captain Burton of the great Lake region. On the question at issue between Mr. Stanley and Commander Cameron the writer, on apparently sound scientific and geological grounds, agrees with the latter, and is without any faith in the former's fanciful hypothesis. The article ends with a sketch of what should be the mission of England, which was the first to penetrate to the centre of tropical Africa, but which now seems content to resign its further task to Germany. A lighter paper, a Canadian sketch, "How I caught my first Salmon," is pleasant but lighter matter, from which the reader may learn, *inter alia*, hints as to transatlantic sport, and how to equip and fortify himself for it. "Pauline" and two political papers make up the rest of a good number. *Fraser's Magazine* has its usual variety of matter and interest. Mr. C. E. Turner's "Studies in Russian Literature" introduce us to Catherine the Second's emulation of Peter the Great in the endeavour to add a soul to the life he had given to Russia. Her reign from 1763 to 1789 was one of judicial and educational reform on the principles of contemporary French philosophy, and while her Royal Instructions for the new code of laws were based on Montesquieu, her educational works, if not much more original, were still lively and clever, though a trifle pedantic; and the quasi-Edgeworthian stories of Prince Chlorus and Prince Phoebus were not too old-fashioned for a new edition in 1873. Catherine was also a dramatist of some force, as witness her *O Tempora*, a skit at the prominent deficiencies of current education, and *Mrs. Grumble's Birthday*, a satire on the affected manners and conversation of the educated classes. She also adapted *A Pretty Basketful of Linen* from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and based her play of *Rurick* on Shakspere's historical plays generally. A sketch is given in this article of Sumarokoff, the founder of the Russian Theatre A.D. 1718-77, whose *forte* was historical (query, unhistorical) drama, of which *Demetrius the Pretender* is a fair sample. He occupies the same place in dramatic Russian literature as Lomonosoff in lyrical. Karl Blind illustrates the oldest literary relic of Teutonic speech in Southern Germany, "the Wessobrunn Prayer," dedicated in all likelihood to the Three Sisters of Fate, by the various Creation Hymns of European and Asiatic antiquity, and especially by an ancient Vedic hymn, in which is traceable an intimate connexion with the later Eddie views. Mr. Hamilton continues his interesting records of Devonshire Quarter Sessions, and shows at length that the chief qualifications for a Justice of the Peace under Charles II. were intolerance and Latin: the former to enforce the Act against conventicles, tub-preachers, Quakers, and the like; the latter to construe the warrants, which, from his samples, seem to have been singularly canine in matter and manner. Mr. H. M. Trollope has a brief but careful study of Molière as a dramatist; and Mr. Edward Rose discriminates nicely between the varieties of Italian masks, and their relations to our clowns, pantaloons, and other buffoons and drolls. A paper on "The Probable Results of Disestablishment" is written in a temperate and deprecative spirit, as recognising how much better it is to reform than to destroy. In the *Cornhill Magazine* we seem to see a glimmer of light upon the mystery

of "Erema," though aware that we are in the hands of a story-teller who knows how to suspend his readers, content and spell-bound, upon protracted tenter-hooks. "Carità" is manifestly approaching its *dénouement*: and "Lizzie's Bargain" in the second part reaches the end to be desired for it. Among the other papers in the *Cornhill* is one, abounding in epigrammatic touches, on "Genius and Vanity," and their close affinity, as illustrated in Wordsworth and Haydon, success and failure; and another, a kind of Venetian picture of a Lombardy country-town, by J. A. S., called "Crema and the Crucifix." This is not, we are warned, the scene of the Roman vintage; but the Lombard vintage is worth our acquaintance, with its glowing brickwork of churches and quaint terra-cotta traceries for a background. The central feature, however, which has doubtless suggested the sketch, is the beautiful Cathedral of Crema, with its delicate, choicely-tinted yellow-brick campanile and graceful lantern. Unless, indeed, we take it as a setting for the portrait of Signor Folconi, an acquaintance made in the old *Albergo di Posso*, who exhibited to Mr. Symonds a store of other curiosities, and, chief of all, the cross, with a deadly poniard concealed in it behind the very body of the agonising Christ; which he had bought from the Frati at the dissolution of the convent—"an infernal engine carrying a dark certainty of treason, sacrilege, and violence." Mr. Alfred Austin gives us a touching legend of the Breton land, called "Ave Maria," inculcative of pity and charity.

THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE IN PARLIAMENT.

MANY years have passed since the rapid accumulation of the public records began to cause uneasiness. As long ago as 1836 a Committee of the House of Commons recommended that they should be weeded out and the useless documents destroyed. Two years later the Public Record Office was constituted by an Act of Parliament, under the provisions of which the Master of the Rolls was bound to accept the custody of certain documents. But different Government departments soon induced him to admit others which were not public records in the full sense of the expression. Some idea of the enormous mass of rubbish which has thus been allowed to encumber the office may be formed from the following figures. Among the Admiralty papers now lying there, are three sets of ships' pay-books, from 1669 to 1841, consisting of 19,230 volumes. If one complete set were preserved, no possible objection could be raised to the destruction of the remainder, amounting to 12,820 volumes. Similarly, there are five sets of log-books, from 1687 to 1840, making 28,856 volumes, of which 23,084 might be destroyed. It may well be asked why the Admiralty did not weed out these papers before transferring them. The answer is that the labour of examining them was avoided by the simple measure of putting them into a cart and sending them to the Record Office. The annual addition made to the papers preserved in the office is said to exceed 120 tons; so no one can be surprised to learn that Sir Thomas Hardy declares matters to have come to such a pass that either the office must be greatly enlarged, or else a vast quantity of the papers must be got rid of. The Treasury will not listen to the former suggestion, so the adoption of the latter alternative has become a matter of absolute necessity. Accordingly a Committee of the House of Lords has lately been occupied in considering a Bill for dealing with the accumulation. A year and a half ago Sir Thomas Hardy prepared a scheme of his own, which received the approval of Sir George Jessel; but it is one that could not be carried out without considerable expense, and, though there does not appear to be anything in the Bill to prevent its adoption, its execution cannot be regarded as a thing decided on. The proposal is that a committee should be appointed, to consist of three

persons, two barristers and an officer of the Public Record Department. One of the barristers should be selected on account of his ability to estimate the value of the Chancery and Parliamentary Records; the other should be qualified by his knowledge and experience to deal with the papers from the Common Law Courts; while the officer of the Department would be entrusted with the duty of investigating the historical, topographical, and statistical bearing of the various documents. The work of the committee would consist in a careful examination of the records with a view to recommending the destruction of such as they should unanimously decide to be entirely worthless. This would be no light task, for it is part of the scheme that each individual paper should have judgment pronounced on it separately. Indeed, Sir George Jessel acknowledged that the only reason for not asking for several committees of the kind was that it was hopeless to expect the Treasury to sanction more than one. For, of course, the members of the committee must be paid, and well paid too, considering the qualifications to be required of them; and their appointment would be for life, for no living man could possibly see the completion of the task. Under the Bill now before Parliament the first step, in order to take precautions against the destruction of valuable documents, will be for the Master of the Rolls to make rules as to the mode of selecting papers for destruction. These rules must provide for the preparation of a statement, to be laid before both Houses of Parliament, describing the documents it is proposed to destroy, in such a way that a correct judgment may be formed of their value; and this statement is to be laid before Parliament at least four weeks before the papers are destroyed. The rules themselves are to be submitted to the two Houses, either of which may address the Queen to withhold her approbation of them. If no such step is taken, they will in due course be confirmed by Order in Council. But, previously to being submitted to Parliament, the rules must receive the approval of the Treasury, as well as that of the department to which the papers proposed to be dealt with originally belonged. These are ample safeguards against the risk of destroying valuable documents. That the risk is no mere imaginary one experience has proved. In the year 1835 attention was called to a mass of Exchequer documents which were lying in a very neglected state in the cellars of Somerset House, and an official was set to work to sift these papers, for the purpose of disposing of those which were worthless, and removing the rest to a place where they would be preserved in a better condition. This person was not possessed of the requisite knowledge and experience to enable him to come to a right decision in every case, and the consequence was that many documents were sold for waste-paper which ought to have been preserved. That they were valuable is proved by the fact, mentioned by Sir Thomas Hardy, that many of them have since been applied for at the Record Office. It should be added that, in the scheme above described, it is not proposed to destroy a single document of earlier date than 1714.

Should it pass into law, the measure ought to have most beneficial results, not only in making room for the reception and safe custody, at the Record Office, of important documents for which there is at present no accommodation, but also in rendering the papers which are already there more accessible to those who wish to consult them. These are the two chief ends to be aimed at in the management of a repository of national records, and it is most satisfactory to find that, notwithstanding the difficulties under which it has lately laboured, the Public Record Office has been so successful in attaining both. The Committee of the House of Lords was assured by Sir Thomas Hardy that, while every facility is afforded to those who wish to refer to documents, not a single paper has been lost or wilfully damaged.

A. HARRISON.

UNIVERSITY REQUIREMENTS.

THE Hebdomadal Council, as mentioned in our Oxford Letter of last week, have published a *Statement of the Requirements of the University, with the Papers upon which it was founded* (Clarendon Press Depository, Oxford). At any time such an authoritative document would interest the friends of academical reform; but at the present moment, when the House of Commons and our newspaper writers are assuming to deal with the universities at their will, it is of especial importance to learn what ideas the governing body at Oxford entertains with regard to its own future wants. Considering the whole tone of the Parliamentary discussion, it is certain that the opinions of local experts will receive at least their due weight in the ultimate settlement. It is important to observe that the "Statement" under notice is limited in its recommendations, and omits all reference to the burning questions on which party spirit is divided. Nothing is said about clerical fellowships; nothing about the contributions of colleges to the common fund; nothing, or but little, directly about the endowment of research. There is no parade of general principles upon which an ideal university should be constructed; and no consideration of the economical effect that endowments exercise upon teaching and upon study. The Hebdomadal Council have confined themselves, perhaps wisely, to adopting with certain modifications the Reports which they have received, at their own request, from the several Boards of Studies and from the Professors.

The requirements of the university are divided into two classes: (1) Buildings and Institutions; (2) Public Teaching. Under the first head are treated the acknowledged needs of the Bodleian Library, the Science Museum, the Schools for Examination, Lecture Rooms for Professors, and accommodation generally for conducting the business of the university. On such questions as these, the only difference of opinion that can arise must be connected with difficulties of finance or architecture. One recommendation, however, stands by itself, as acknowledging a novel principle, which has recently found many earnest advocates. It is proposed to found a Museum of Classical Archaeology. The second head of the "Statement" will attract more attention, if only because of the promises it holds out. The advantages to be gained from new buildings do not come sufficiently home to individuals to excite enthusiasm; but there is no college tutor, nor any tutor's wife, whose breast will not be fluttered by the proposal to found "University Readerships." The recommendations begin with the following:—

"The Council are of opinion:—

1. That it is desirable that a class of Readers should be established in addition to Professors.
2. That such Readerships should be tenable with College Tutorships and Lectureships.
3. That the emoluments of a Reader should not be less than 400*l.* a year.
4. That a Reader should reside, during three terms of not less than eight weeks each, and should give not less than sixteen lectures in each term, except for special reasons to be approved by the Vice-Chancellor.
5. That a Reader should give private instruction five hours a week during his residence, and hold examinations on the subject of his lectures.
6. That a Reader should hold his office for seven years, and should be re-eligible."

It is manifest that the success of these proposals entirely depends upon the spirit in which they are carried out. It would be premature to discuss them on the scanty materials supplied. But it will be necessary to decide, once and for all, on the important point whether the "Reader" is endowed primarily in order that he may be enlisted as an additional recruit in the army already remuneratively engaged in teaching undergraduates; or whether he is to give any guarantee that study is

to be his first duty, the giving of instruction being merely the evidence of his industry. Oxford has already seen university teachers lowering themselves to the status of mere crammers for examination.

After numerous other suggestions, which chiefly affect the several Faculties, the Council also recommend under the title "Extraordinary Professorships, &c." :—

"That, in the interests of learning and science, a fund should be formed and placed under the control of a small Board; that this Board should have power to assign professorships for life or for a term of years to persons who have obtained eminence, or who are obtaining eminence, in particular branches of study, whether such branches of study are or are not recognised in the university; and that the professorships thus created should, as a general rule, terminate with the tenure of the persons for whom they were created.

"Out of this fund also persons of high literary or scientific eminence might be remunerated for occasional lectures or courses of lectures.

"Lastly, out of this fund special grants might be made, for longer or shorter periods, to promote original research in any branch of literature or science."

Further recommendations follow to the effect that, as a general principle, Chairs should be found for Professors, and not Professors for Chairs; and that Professors should be allowed, under special circumstances, to perform their teaching work by deputy for a period not exceeding two years.

Altogether, this "Statement of the requirements of the university" is not without comfort for all sections of academical reformers, though it cannot be said that the views of any one section unduly predominate. He has but little confidence in the goodness of his cause who will not be satisfied with proposals sufficiently elastic in principles to adapt themselves to his own opinion, whatever that opinion may be; and also sufficiently definite in detail, in one part or another, to lend him the direct sanction of their authority.

The Statement itself only occupies fourteen pages; while the Reports and letters on which it is based swell the size of the pamphlet eight-fold. These latter documents are interesting, partly as indicating the general consensus of opinion, amounting almost to unanimity, which prevails among the leading members of the university; and partly as exhibiting the idiosyncrasies of certain classes and individuals. The Professors were each asked whether they require assistants, and on what conditions. The representatives of the Theological Faculty reply with one consent that they are able and willing to obtain all necessary aid out of their own professorial incomes; but they couple their generosity with the significant stipulation that their assistants should be appointed by themselves, and should continue in subordination to them. One Professor, who shall be nameless, concludes his letter with this memorable paragraph:—"There is a matter which has for a long time forced itself upon my attention—namely, the advisability of the establishment of a Professorship or Readership in Natural Theology, to counteract the atheistical demoralisation resulting from the unlimited teaching of Darwinism in its full extent."

JAS. S. COTTON.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris: June 1, 1877.

It is hardly possible at present to think of literature in Paris. Politics are all-absorbing, and indignation at the would-be *coup d'état* makes us forget all that most charmed and delighted us a few days ago. But I will endeavour to divert my thoughts from the violence and folly of the present to dwell for the moment on less distressing subjects.

For three weeks Paris has been thinking and speaking of nothing but Père Hyacinthe. The Cirque d'Hiver, where his *conférences* were held, was thronged to overflowing with hearers, who

applauded in him, not merely the eloquent orator, but, above all, the representative of freedom of conscience and speech. The fact is, the Liberalism of France is so far behind that of other European nations that even under a Republican Ministry it has been not only impossible for Père Hyacinthe to found a Church, but even to speak of religion in public. He was obliged to confine himself to morals, and addressed his audience successively on "Le Respect de la Vérité," "La Réforme de la Famille," and "La Réforme Morale." I know not whether Père Hyacinthe was satisfied with his success, but if he be at all clear-sighted he ought rather to have been distressed at it. There is no doubt that people admired his beauty of diction, his noble action and the fervent tones of voice, and they applauded him enthusiastically as a protest against the shameful abuse lavished on him by a press that calls itself conservative and religious; but all his hearers were struck by his feebleness of thought and reasoning: his attacks on Darwinism and modern science could but provoke a smile; the free-thinkers who admired him only applauded him so heartily because they felt how harmless he was. The fact is, P. Hyacinthe has remained a Catholic, and to bring France back to Catholicism minus the Pope is his wish. He is only wasting his talents and energy in the attempt. France will either be strangled by Catholicism and become a second Spain, or break with Catholicism entirely—at the present day there is no middle course open to her.

Scarcely was P. Hyacinthe's third conference over before the public thought no more about it, and concentrated their attention on the French Academy and the choice of a successor to the pleasing Marseillais poet, M. Autran. For a moment it was believed that M. Arsène Houssaye, a novelist of the rose-water and violet-powder school, would be the successful candidate; but fortunately for the honour of the Academy, where he had already—how no one can tell—secured more than a dozen votes, he withdrew before the contest. The choice now lies between M. Leconte de Lisle, M. Sardou, and the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier. The first has the advantage of being a poet; if not a great one, at least an admirable versifier. His verses are cold and tedious, but they are powerful and sonorous and full of colour. Some of his pieces—*Midi*, *Le Jaguar*, *Les Eléphants*, *Cain*, for instance—contain beauties of the highest order, but M. Leconte de Lisle has the disadvantage of being little known in the Academical world; of having always made a show of very strong Republican sentiments, and of having, nevertheless, accepted a pension from the Emperor Napoleon III. As for Sardou, he is a *bona fide* literary man; his election will have no political meaning; he will have the votes of all the men of letters in the Academy. His popularity is that of a successful playwright, and the only argument against him is the rather frivolous character of his talent and the incorrectness of his style. There remains the Duc Pasquier. No fault can be found with his style, as he has never written anything. His only title to the Academy is, as he said himself, "le goût qu'il a toujours eu pour les lettres," and this desire to gain admission to a *salon* where so many of his friends already are. He is like one of the great *seigneurs* of the last century, who as patrons of letters always found a place there even when they did not know how to spell. Unfortunately for the Duc Pasquier, his election depends on political men, and in order to be successful he must have both Republican and Monarchical votes. By M. Dupuy de Lôme's election to the Senate the latter were ensured to him; the overthrow of the Jules Simon Ministry might very well be the cause of his losing the former. It is true he has tried to hold himself aloof, has even seemed to recommend moderation to the President; but he has compromised himself too seriously with the party of the Duc de Broglie for MM. Thiers and J. Simon to be able to forgive him. Victorien Sardou has the best

chance now. And thus it is that an Academical election in France is a complete political drama.

But let us leave these disturbed regions of passion and intrigue, which have no literary interest for us, and take refuge in the domain of pure art. There we shall find M. Flaubert with a new volume, entitled *Trois Contes* (Charpentier). M. Flaubert is looked upon as the head of the Realist School, but is, so to speak, two different men: one, the painter of the life of the present day who endeavours to picture it in all its deplorable vapidness, and in that *genre* has produced a masterpiece, *Madame Bovary*, and a very mediocre work, *L'Education sentimentale*; the other, a scholar and a mystic, who searches for what is most strange and mad in the past to paint it in dazzling colours. This second Flaubert has given us *Salambô*, a clever work, and *La Tentation de St. Antoine*, as unsuccessful in its *genre* as *L'Education sentimentale*. We say nothing of *Le Candidat*, an unfortunate attempt in the dramatic line, only interesting as showing the difference between a picturesque and a dramatic talent. M. Flaubert's three tales show us the two sides of his talent. The first, "Un Coeur simple," is by the painter of modern life, who with infinite art, incredible effort of style and description, relates things perhaps hardly worth relating. The other two, "La Légende de St. Julien l'Hospitalier" and "Hérodias," are written by the scholar and mystic. Of these two, the second is due to the inferior Flaubert. In it the learning extinguishes the life. It is a mass of words and colour intended to be descriptive, but which are only dazzling; no sense of unity is produced by this succession of short sentences, and the affected simplicity of their construction contrasts strangely with the learned pretentiousness of the terms. The "Légende de St. Julien," on the other hand, is admirable. From childhood the young Count Julien has manifested an involuntary taste for blood, and a sort of unconscious predisposition to homicide. That he will become a parricide is foretold to him at an early stage, and, in spite of all his efforts to escape from the crime, he does, in fact, by a horrible mistake kill his parents. Whereupon he flies from his wife and his palace, and takes refuge in a wild spot on the banks of a river, which he helps travellers to cross. One stormy day a leper calls to him from the opposite bank; he goes over to fetch him. "I am weary," says the leper, and he takes him into his hut; "I am hungry," and he gives him all his store; "I want to sleep," and he gives him his bed; "I am cold," at last the leper says; "come and lie down beside me." This, too, he does; whereupon the leper takes him in his arms and carries him up to heaven. The leper was the Lord Jesus Christ. This story is marvellously beautiful and powerful. All the features are correct, and as we read the Middle Ages, with all their barbaric roughness and mystic sublimity, seem to revive before us.

G. Flaubert's talent brings us into immediate contact with the weak points of French realism, of which we have the caricature in the brothers Goncourt, notwithstanding their merit. The realists try to paint the world without taking any count of the influence of illusion and emotion on the mind and heart of man, and the effort to be absolutely objective prevents their being natural. Read "Un Coeur simple"; you will find no real simplicity there, but only an affectation of it. Whether the scene be a *bourgeois* interior or the palace of Herod Agrippa, we are alike sensible of something forced and factitious in the painting. The life is wanting. If you want to contrast with this a true and living realism, read *Les Terres Vierges*, by Tourguenoff, just published in French (Hetzell). The simplicity there is not affected, the reality is living, because Tourguenoff's painting, not only of the actions of men, but even of the aspects of nature, is always interwoven with the emotions of a feeling and thinking mind. The personages are all life-like and interesting, they paint themselves alike by their actions and words, and the artistic impres-

sion which they produce is always deepened by some human emotion. The realism of the day is the natural result of the positive, analytic and erudite turn of men's minds. Art is essentially synthetic, and should grasp things by intuition—create them all at once. The age of the great literary creators seems to be at an end in France just now. Victor Hugo alone remains. All we can do is to cherish their memory, and raise monuments in their honour. Just now a subscription has been opened in Paris for the tomb of Michelet, and I hope that foreign countries will join with France in paying him this tribute of admiration and respect.* Soon it will be George Sand to whom a monument will be raised.

Mdme. d'Agoult (Daniel Stern) inspired M. Chapu with a statue which has just earned him the medal of honour. At the same time C. Lévy publishes a posthumous volume by this celebrated woman, entitled *Mes Souvenirs*, and giving a most curious and interesting picture of private life and life in the *salon* among the Royalist aristocracy at the time of the Restoration. The vigorous, brilliant style of Daniel Stern gives a value to the smallest detail. As regards herself the book is slightly damaging—not to her intelligence (she never displayed greater talent or wit), but to her character. She shows herself at once romantic and frivolous, hard and voluptuous, taken up with her own beauty to an incredible degree, and consenting out of mere weakness to a *mariage de convenance*, which she escapes from soon afterwards with an *éclat* famous to this day. The *Souvenirs* do not extend so far, but conclude with the marriage in 1827. It is difficult to recognise in their author the Mdme. d'Agoult of later years, with her white hair and noble mien, her dignity and her grace, transfigured by art and philosophy, well worthy of inspiring Chapu with that beautiful *Pensée* which we admire in the *Salon* of the Champs Elysées. The Mdme. d'Agoult of the *Souvenirs* is the *femme à la mode* of 1830, with high and interesting aims, no doubt, but full of worldliness, spoiled by a bad education, and led away by a restless, impressionable nature.

In conclusion, let me draw attention to a little book, without literary pretensions, but very useful nevertheless, entitled *La Misère*, by M. J. Siegfried (E. Bailliére). It is the history of the philanthropy of the nineteenth century. I know no more consolatory book or better guide for those who are engaged in relieving the ills of their fellow-creatures. England naturally occupies an important place in this little work, and there can be no doubt that nowhere has charity been more active or more wisely organised.

G. MONOD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

BAGENHOT, W. On the Depreciation of Silver. Henry S. King & Co. 5s.
DOUDAN, X. Mélanges et lettres de. T. 3. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
HENKE, R. Rumäniens Land u. Volk. Leipzig: Wigand. 5 M.
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* If any English admirers of Michelet, the eloquent apologist of Queen Elizabeth, wish to join his French admirers, I shall be happy to receive their subscriptions addressed to the office of the *Revue Historique*, 76 rue d'Assas, Paris.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SPELLING REFORM.

II.

London: June 4, 1877.

For the reasons given in my last letter the change of *or* into *aur* (which is very frequent, very conspicuous, and often, as in *aurder* and *aurthograff*, for instance, very perplexing) seems to me altogether unadvisable. It is true that the sounds are exactly the same, but that is a reason *against* making any change. I do not believe that *au* expresses even the *intention* of any Englishman as to the vowel-sound in *or* or *form*, or any of the words in which Mr. Ellis substitutes it for *o*. I know that I, at least, always try to sound the vowel in *for* as like as I can to the vowel in *from*; and not only so, but the instant I am released from the condition of carrying the sound on into an untrilled *r*—the instant I am allowed to trill the *r*—I can and do make the sound for which I try. While I am to say *forward*, I cannot prevent my *o* from sounding like *au*; let me say *forward*, and it immediately becomes the *o* in *from*. It follows from this that the direction in the Glossic alphabet to pronounce *o* as in *not* holds good in all accented syllables, whether it be followed by *r* or any other consonant (unless it be *f*), and whether the *r* be trilled or untrilled; and therefore that the pronunciation “which the etymology of the word” [“order” or “orthography”] “would appear to point out as that intended by the speaker” is that which should be exhibited in the spelling. Some people lengthen the *o* into *au* before *f*; and they must write *auf*, *aifer*, *aufn* for “off,” “offer,” “often,” &c.

For exactly similar reasons I should say that the substitution of *aar* for *ar* (as in *maark*) is a needless alteration, and therefore inexpedient. It is true that *a* before an untrilled *r* necessarily takes the sound of *aa*; but it is no less true that for that very reason it is *not* necessary to give any special direction for it.

The change of *e* into *i* in unaccented syllables followed by an accent (as in *bitween*) would be of less consequence (for it makes but little difference in the look of the word and hardly any in the sound), were it not applied also to the definite article, which, coming in so continually and looking so unlike our familiar friend, makes every sentence seem stranger than it need. The actual pronunciation of the definite article varies with the letter which follows. Its proper sound is *dhee*; it is so pronounced whenever it is convenient to begin the next word from that position of the organs; it is so pronounced in all cases where the sense requires an emphasis upon it (as when, in answer to “this is the way,” you reply, “*a* way, but not *the* way”). Nice speakers always give it as much of that sound as they can with ease and fluency. Mr. Ellis formerly spelt it with two letters specially cut for his phonetic alphabet, one standing for the Glossic *dh*, and the other for the Glossic *ee*; he still spells *to*, however unemphatic, with *oo*, as in “nuthing too doo,” and the cases are altogether analogous. Indeed, the only objection I see to *dhee* is its length and its being a combination so rarely seen unaccompanied with emphasis—an objection which a little familiarity would remove. But if we are not to have *dhee*, why may we not be content with *dhi*, which Mr. Ellis prefers, has all the disadvantage of being less familiar, without the advantage, so far as I can see, of being more

exact. Take *e* for the vowel in *en*, *i* for the vowel in *in*, which of them is *oftenest* the vowel heard in *the*, as usually pronounced? I doubt whether there is much difference; and *e* being in possession, I would in this, as in other like cases, give it the benefit.

In the other case in which Mr. Ellis requires *e* to give up possession in favour of *i*, the change seems to me not only needless, and on that account inexpedient, but wrong in principle, and the cause of inconvenient anomalies in practice. What we want for the definition of indistinct sounds is to know the *intention* of the speaker; for they all result from *attempts* to articulate the *true* sound under conditions which make it difficult; and the intention of the speaker is best ascertained by requiring him to distinguish them; the distinct sound which is heard as soon as the slightest stress is laid upon the syllable in which it occurs reveals the intention of the indistinct sound. Try this with words beginning with an unaccented *re* or *pre*, all of which Mr. Ellis alters to *ri* and *pri*. *Riform* represents the usual pronunciation of *reform* well enough. But if “*riform*, why “*reformation*”? There you have the true *e*. *Prizent* does very well for the verb to *present*; but if you transfer the accent to the obscure syllable, its true character declares itself. Nobody thinks of saying “*prizence*” or “*prizentation*.” On the other hand, if the learner is told to sound the *e* like the *e* in *en*, only light and short, nobody will detect any fault in his pronunciation of either *reform*, or *present*, or any of the family.

The same is true of the unaccented *pro* in *propose*, which Mr. Ellis writes *proapoaz*. Transfer the accent to it, as in *proposition*, and the *oa* disappears at once; it declares itself simply as the *o* in *prop*, which, being touched lightly, yields the proper sound for the first syllable of *propose*. The same test applied to the indistinct *al* will show, I think, that Mr. Ellis is wrong in choosing *el* as representing the true pronunciation. *Feinel* or *feineli* may be very like *final* or *finally*, as we usually speak it. But turn the adjective into a substantive: had anybody ever the slightest inclination to say “*finality*”? And it may be said generally that whenever the word has a derivative which, while it retains the indistinct syllable otherwise unaltered, shifts the action so as to distinguish it, the derivative form follows the old spelling. From “*syllable*” we form “*syllabic*;” from “*emphasis*,” “*emphatic*;” from “*idol*,” “*idolatry*;” from “*symbol*,” “*symbolic*;” from “*circumstance*” (which Mr. Ellis spells “*serkemstance*”), “*circumstantial*;” from “*ocean*,” “*oceanic*,” from “*period*” (Mr. Ellis “*peerriod*”), “*periodic*,” and so forth. On the other hand, where the obscure syllable is represented in the old spelling by an *e*, a *u*, or an *o*, we find them in the derivative, as in “*angelic*” from “*angel*,” “*sulphuric*” from “*sulphur*,” “*carbonic*” from “*carbon*,” “*mercurial*” from “*mercury*.”

Upon the whole, therefore, I hold that the nearest approach to the *proper* sound of the indistinct syllables which can be made (under the varying conditions of each case) *without an effort and without a break*, is the best pronunciation of them; that they ought, therefore, to be spelt with the letter which is chosen to represent that sound, and that the learner ought to be directed to aim at it; also, that where the received form of any word or syllable contains, according to the rules of the new alphabet, a sufficient direction for the proper pronunciation, no change should be made in it.

Upon these conditions it will be possible, I think, to settle an orthography which may be generally accepted, authorised, and taught, and which may be used to teach both the received pronunciation and the ordinary spelling of modern English in the easiest way.

But this reminds me that there is another point in which the plan of operations contemplated by Mr. Ellis differs materially from that I am recommending, and which, if it cannot be escaped,

must, I fear, prove fatal. When he spoke in his first letter of “*a concurrent system of spelling*, to be used exclusively in teaching to read and write in schools, *till the utmost readiness in both ways is attained*”—that is, both in reading and *writing* (which must surely be taken to include spelling) on the old system as well as the new—I thought he proposed to teach the rising generation to *spell* in both styles, so long as the rest of the world continues to spell as it does now. But this is not his plan. “*Children must be taught to use our present typographical system*” for reading, but not for writing. “*Glossic writers . . . it is to be hoped*, will never be forced to employ *Nomic spelling*.” For writing, children must be taught to use a new kind of spelling, such as shall not only be easily intelligible to anyone who can spell in the present way, but shall be “admitted,” when good of its kind, “by business men, the Civil Service (and its examiners), and so on, on an equality with good old spelling.” “*If this*,” he says, “*is not conceded*”—and he admits that it cannot be enforced without an Act of Parliament—“*we need not trouble ourselves with any suggestions for spelling reform*.” And again: “*Nothing can be done without Government sanction to use the new system in subsidised schools, and in Civil Service examinations*. Before, however, a Government enquiry is ordered a good case must be made out.”[†] This preliminary difficulty is likely, I think, if it must be encountered, to prove a serious one. If the “*concurrent*” system of spelling be really used in the schools till the pupils “*attain the utmost readiness in both ways*,” they will be ready to pass examination in either, and there will be no need to trouble either Parliament, or Government, or the Civil Service Commissioners, or their examiners, with any new regulations. Nothing will be wanted except permission in subsidised schools to teach the old-style spelling *through* the new, a good case for which is already made out, if it results in the perfect acquirement of both. But if a knowledge of “*Nomic spelling*” is never to be required of a “*Glossic writer*,” how Mr. Ellis will make out a good case for an Act of Parliament to compel men of business and public offices to accept clerks who cannot write the written language of their correspondents, it passes my ingenuity to guess. My own impression is that if the pupils be duly exercised in *translating* the one style into the other—translating into the phonetic character sentences printed in the received orthography, and (inversely) translating into the received orthography sentences written or printed in the phonetic—they will learn to *write* the common orthography as easily as to read it; and if they learn faster in this way than on the present system, permission to teach in this way in the subsidised schools will follow of course. If it be found, on the contrary, that they cannot be taught ordinary spelling in this way, or not so quickly, or not so perfectly, then we may be sure that the desired reform will never come in through the School Boards, but must wait until men of letters come to understand the proper use of letters.

JAMES SPEDDING.

“UPHOLSTERER.”

London: June 4, 1877.

Dr. Littledale is desirous of learning the evidence for the descent of the word *upholsterer*, through *upholder*, *upholdster*, from the verb *uphold*, in the sense of repairing or furbishing-up old wares.

It is true that we cannot furnish authority for the use of the verb itself in this sense, but Caxton, in his *Booke of Travellers*, quoted in the notes to *Promptorium Parvulorum*, gives “*Vpholdsters, vieswariers*. [Vieswarier, fripier, raccommodeur, vendeur de vieux habits et d'autres vieilles choses.—Roquefort.] Edward the upholster can well

* ACADEMY, March 3, p. 185.

† *Ibid.*, March 17, p. 231.

stoppe a mantel hool'd full agayn, card agayn, skowre agayn a goun and alle old cloth." Palsgrave has "*Vpholstar*, frippier: "i.e. a repaire or seller of old clothes, a broker; and in this sense the word *upholder* seems to be used in *Piers Plowman*, "*Upholdere* on the hul shullen have hit to sell" (p. 213). "*Vpholdere*, that sellythe smal thyngys, Velaber."—*Promptorium*. The business of vamping-up old clothes and other goods would naturally draw with it that of selling them, and we see from the practice of the present day the close connexion between the businesses of a broker and an upholsterer. The change from *upholster* to *upholsterer* may probably have taken place through the mediation of *upholstery*, as from *fruit*, *fruiter*, *fruiterer*. At any rate *upholster* seems to be used by Strype in the sense of *upholsterer*:—"Which is valued by the clerk of the works, the keeper of the wardrobe at Richmond, and an *upholster* at London, at 61l. 7s. 2d."—*Memorials*, B. ii., c. 30 (in Richardson). Dr. Littledale's suggestion of a derivation from *G. polstern*, to stuff cushions, is a most unlikely one. Even if the word *polster* had been known in German, there is no apparent reason why, in importing it into English, it should have been lengthened by the prefix of an *up*.
H. WEDGWOOD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, June 9.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Recent Discoveries at Mycenae," by C. T. Newton.
3 P.M. Physical: "On Interference Fringes within the Nicol Prism," by S. P. Thompson; Special General Meeting.
MONDAY, June 11.—8 P.M. British Architects.
TUESDAY, June 12.—8 P.M. Anthropological Institute: "On further Discoveries in the Neighbourhood of Port-stewart," by W. J. Knowles; "On the Ethnology of Germany, II.—The Germans of Caesar," by H. H. Howorth; "On the Customs and Legends of the Indians of New Caledonia," by Dr. J. Rae.
8 P.M. Photographic: "On Emulsions," by H. Berkeley; "On the continuing Action of Light in Pigment Printing," by J. R. Sawyer.
THURSDAY, June 14.—5 P.M. Zoological (Davis Lecture): "Whales and Porpoises," by Prof. Flower.
8 P.M. Mathematical: "Mean Values," by Prof. Crofton; "Every algebraic Equation has a Root," by J. C. Malet; "On the canonical Form and Dissection of a Riemann's Surface," by Prof. Clifford.
8 P.M. Historical: "Ancient and modern political History," by Dr. R. S. Gutteridge, &c.
8.30 P.M. Royal. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, June 15.—8 P.M. Philological: "On the Teutonic Words in the *Lex Salica*," by H. Hessel; "On some Points in Early English Pronunciation, II," by H. Nicol.

SCIENCE.

Heracliti Ephesii Reliquiae. Recensuit I. Bywater, Collegii Exoniensis Socius. (Oxonii: E Typographo Clarendoniano, MDCCCLXXVII.)

WORKS of this kind are not commonly repaid with words. Those who can profit by them can estimate their worth, and others profit little by remarks on them. They are *οὐ λόγος τιμώμεν*, ἀλλὰ τῇ ξυνονοσίᾳ πλέον. The editor of Heraclitus must feel, according to the saying of his author, *εἰς μυριού*, that one appreciative reader is a multitude. The reviewer can do little more than register what has been done.

Until the end of last century, the fragments of the early Greek philosophers were only accessible to the few scholars whose reading extended over a large field. Those of Heraclitus were first collected by Schleiermacher in 1807. But the discovery of the *Philosophumena* in 1851 gave materials not previously accessible. For Hippolytus, or whoever wrote that treatise, sought to discredit Noetus by identifying his teaching with that of the old Ephesian, and to this pious wish we are indebted for several fresh quotations from the *Περὶ Φύσεως*. The sen-

tences containing these additional fragments were carefully re-edited in 1854 by Jacob Bernays, by whom the study of Heraclitus has been otherwise greatly advanced (*Heraclitea*, 1848, &c.). More recently, in 1869, there appeared from the same acute and learned pen *Die Heraklitischen Briefe, ein Beitrag zur philosophischen und religionsgeschichtlichen Litteratur*, a memorable essay towards determining the complex question, "What kind of evidence can be obtained from spurious writings?" In this work, and also in his *Heraclitea*, Prof. Bernays has pointed out many echoes of Heraclitus in subsequent literature.

Mr. Bywater has conceived the design of presenting in one view the substance and the shadow of Heraclitus, of letting us hear the "voice of the Sybil" and its reverberations; not by weaving the scattered fragments into a complete whole with the help of unlimited conjecture, as was done by Lassalle (more theologian than scholar) in 1858, and more recently by Schuster in a laborious effort of "constructive criticism" (Taubner, 1873), but by displaying the relevant facts with as much exactness and with as little admixture of conjecture as possible.

The result is the present work, in which we have, first of all, a text consisting of the fragments—including, of course, those added by Bernays, and also two which are here published for the first time—arranged in a convenient and suggestive order, which is, however, admitted by the editor to be probable merely. Beneath the text is a full citation of the authorities, with cross-references to other illustrative passages, and brief critical notes showing the most important of the various readings, and indicating the ground of preference in each case. The citations throw considerable light both on the interpretation of Heraclitus and on the history of his influence. An obscure phrase often becomes clearer when we see how it was quoted (see esp. Fr. Ix.); and even the names of the authors are instructive. We are reminded by them how a secondary phase of Heraclitus' doctrine came to be woven into the philosophy of Plato; how the dark speaker was compelled by Aristotle to render up his logical account, as Locke and Leibnitz are by our Hegelians at the present day; how the Stoics gave him fresh currency, having been attracted to him both by the austerity of his spirit, and by the kindred nature of his symbolism (*πῦρ, ικπύρωσις*); lastly, how the Fathers of the Church employed him as they did other heathen writers, now wresting him to their side for the condemnation of Pagan superstition, now seeking to overthrow an adversary by comparing him with the infidel philosopher.

The reproach of obscurity was more deserved by Heraclitus than that of melancholy, which became proverbial perhaps in consequence of his association with Stoicism, although it is true that the philosophy of change, which saw "man kindled and extinguished like a spark in the night" (Fr. lxxvii.), was in close accord with the sadness which had characterised much of the earlier Ionian reflexion (Mimnermus, Fr. 2; Hdt., B. vii., c. 46). But it may be questioned if he were more obscure than other prophets of the mind, who in the sixth

century B.C., perhaps unconsciously moved by some Oriental influence, strove to catch the universe in aphorisms. And if his *Περὶ Φύσεως* were now extant, abrupt and disjointed as it would probably still appear (not, as Bacon thought, outweighing Plato), it might be more intelligible to us than it was either to Aristotle or to the Stoics.

The "transcendent Pantheism," whether of Heraclitus or Parmenides, is an open secret to the student of Descartes and Spinoza. The followers of Hegel, to whom the true individual is the true universal, and all thought proceeds by collision of opposites, can understand their master's saying that he had taken up the philosophy of Heraclitus into his own. And some of our modern φυσιόλογοι might be surprised to find, in what they supposed to be a fistful of air, the expression of principles which they have verified, such as the permanence of the sum of energy, the interchangeability of energy and heat, the reciprocal transmutation of forces, the transience of phenomena, the permanence of law, the relativity of perception to the organs of sense (Fr. xxxvii.), and might acknowledge that "Anticipatio Naturae" was less a term of opprobrium than they had imagined. But the wonder would be all on their side, for Heraclitus would have wondered at nothing so much as if these things had turned out otherwise.

The scholar might find germs of Platonic thought and expression (Irr. cxv., cxiv.; cf. Rep., ii., 376, vii., 540); the general critic, unconscious coincidences with remote literatures, like that between Fr. lxxix., "Time is a child at chess," and the now well-known lines of Omar Khayyám. The agnostic and the mystical theologian might both find meaning in the deep saying, "God at once reveals and hides himself in Nature;" while the religious reformer would rejoice to see that Greek no less than Hebrew prophets felt the abomination and absurdity of sacrifice. "They think to purge their sins by polluting themselves with blood" (Fr. cxxx.). So rich in germinal expression was this prophetic soul, who in clinging to a seeming paradox was "dreaming of things to come" and presaging thoughts of many generations.

The character of Heraclitus came nearer than that of Socrates to Plato's description of the great mind born in a little State and despising her birthplace, but soaring aloft to survey things in Heaven and Earth. The pride shown in his contempt for Pythagoras and Xenophanes, and his grudging praise of Bias, may help to account for the conceit which Plato noted in his followers: but there is a Socratic loftiness in the tone in which he speaks of death (as an emanation, Fr. xxxvii., a sloughing-off of the body, Fr. lxxxv.), and in his outburst on behalf of Hermodorus we see a trace of underlying kindness and of the passion for justice which is the best note of the philosophic spirit. We gather from Fr. lxxiii. that he was more austere in his habits than Xenophanes.

The remaining portions of Mr. Bywater's volume are edited with no less care. He has given us a new recension of the Life by Diogenes Laertius; of the passages in Hip-

porates in which Bernays (*Herakl. Br.*, p. 145) had recognised a Heraclitean colouring; of the fragments of the iambographer Scythinus, in which Heraclitean doctrine is versified; of a short passage of Lucian (*Vit. Auct.*, c. 14) in which the philosopher is travestied; and of the spurious letters.

It is impossible to rate too highly the care and accuracy evinced by the editor in every page. He is particularly to be commended for allowing us to hear Heraclitus speak in his own dialect. If in single points we are disposed to differ from him, it must be with the admission that, considering the attention which he has given to the subject, we are more likely to be wrong than he is. Perhaps the extreme brevity of the annotations may have hidden some things from us: e.g., the reason for putting a point of interrogation after Fr. xiii., or for preferring *οὐ γῆ ξηρή* to the more obvious *ἴν γῆ ξηρή* in Fr. lxxvi., or for endorsing Bergk's conjecture *πληγῆ*, against the citation from the *De Mundo*, in Fr. iv. The scarcely less ingenious *τόξον καὶ νευρῆς* formerly suggested by the same scholar on Fr. xl. is rightly rejected, and Bernays' *βαρβάρος ψυχής* (for *βαρβάρονς*) on Fr. iv., although more tempting, is not admitted into the text. We must own to some disappointment in having to relinquish as belonging to Heraclitus Fr. (Spur.) cxxxiv., the original of Bacon's "Opinio copiae inopiam fecit." It is well to be reminded, however, that some sayings may be quoted from Heraclitus that were already proverbial in his time (see Fr. xvi.).

But, whatever may be thought of these doubtful points, we have nothing but commendation for the preference in Fr. lviii. of the reading *ἐπαττώνται μηδέν' ἄξιον μισθὸν λαμβάνειν* to that suggested by Bernays in 1869, *ἐπαττέονται μηδὲν ἄξιον μισθὸν λαμβάνειν*; and also for the treatment of Fr. i., where *εἴναι* is read with the Oxford editor of the *Philosophumena*, instead of *εἰδέναι* with the MS., which Bernays supported at some length in 1869. For the expression *ἐν πάρτα εἰδέναι*, though it might be interpreted from Frs. xxvi., xxvii., is too subjective for an early Greek philosopher, while the objections formerly urged against *εἴναι* assume a precision of technical expression which belongs to the later controversial period. Cp. Fr. xxxv., *ἔστι γὰρ ἐν*.

Mr. Bywater's work affords a sound and adequate basis for the study of Heraclitus, and supplies a want that was not met by Lassalle's two bulky volumes, or by the ingenious and elaborate essay of Schuster. If taken together with the pages which Zeller has devoted to the subject, it can leave little for the student to desire. But an English monograph on Heraclitus from his present editor, who has devoted so much time and thought to him, would, notwithstanding, be a very acceptable boon.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

Spontaneous Generation.—Dr. Bastian's experiments on urine neutralised with *liquor potassae* exposed to a temperature of 50° C. have been repeated by D. Müller (*Centralblatt für die*

mediz. Wiss., May 5, 1877). The results were invariably negative, no living organisms making their appearance in the hermetically-sealed retorts. Müller sums up his conclusions thus:—

"My experiments, carried out with all the precautions suggested by Dr. Bastian, have convinced me that in the germless fluids employed no signs of spontaneous generation are ever to be met with; further, that a temperature of 50° C. is not specially suited to promote the development of bacteria, even when their germs are already present in the liquid."

Pasteur on Splenic Fever.—A very important contribution to our knowledge of the relation between the organisms discovered by Davaine in the blood of bovine animals suffering from *charbon* and the other phenomena of the disease has just been published by Pasteur and Joubert (*Comptes Rendus*, 30 Avril, 1877). Koch had already discovered the curious fact that the rod-like organisms in question were capable, under certain conditions, of breaking up into minute spores, instead of multiplying, as usual, by fission; these spores, in their turn, undergoing development into rods when kept under observation in serum or aqueous humour. Pasteur and Joubert, by taking a small quantity of blood from an affected animal, under the precautions necessary to guard against septic contamination, and introducing it into various liquid media, succeeded in cultivating the specific bacterium without any admixture of foreign organisms. Absolutely pure urine, rendered neutral or feebly alkaline, was found to be the most convenient liquid for its cultivation. When such urine is inoculated with a minute quantity of the infected blood, a flocculent mass of interlacing filaments makes its appearance in it within twenty-four or forty-eight hours, the rest of the fluid remaining perfectly translucent, and presenting no trace of septic microzymes under the microscope. By using a drop of this urine for the inoculation of a fresh sample, and repeating this process again and again, it is possible to obtain any number of successive generations of bacteria derived from the original stock; and—this is the all-important point—the most remote descendants of the original organisms, bred in urine for a period of months, retain their specific infective power, and give rise to the disease when introduced into the body of a healthy animal. Hence it is absolutely certain that the infective properties of the blood in splenic fever do not depend either on the red corpuscles or on the leucocytes contained in it, for these are all of them eliminated in the course of the successive cultivations in urine. The possibility of some soluble virus being reproduced side by side with the organisms was next taken into consideration. By filtering the urine in a particular way, the bacteria were separated from the liquid in which they were suspended; and the filtered liquid alone was found to be incapable of generating the disease when inoculated. Analogous results have been obtained by previous enquirers; but, owing to the numerous sources of fallacy by which all researches of this kind are surrounded, they have never met with unreserved acceptance. The justly great authority of Pasteur may be expected to produce a deep impression on the minds of many who have hitherto kept their judgment in suspense.

On the Colour of the normal Retina.—Continuing his researches on this subject, Kühne finds that the colouring-matter is not uniformly distributed throughout the retina (*Centralblatt für die mediz. Wiss.*, April 14, 1877). In the human eye, and in that of *Macacus cynomolgus*, the posterior surface of the yellow spot and *fovea centralis* is colourless. In the immediate neighbourhood of this region, where the cones are more numerous than the rods, the red tint is comparatively feeble. Just behind the *ora serrata*, too, there is a narrow zone absolutely devoid of colour; in the human eye this zone is two millimètres in width, in that of the ape only one millimètre. The eyes employed in this research had been shielded from the light

for many hours before their removal, and were hardened in a solution of alum.

HELFREICH's assertion (see *ACADEMY*, April 14) that the red colour of the retina may be seen with the ophthalmoscope, under suitable conditions, in the eye of the living rabbit, is questioned by Dietl and Plenk (*Centralblatt*, April 21, 1877) on the strength of the following experiment:—A rabbit, kept in a dark room for several days, was rapidly deprived of blood by section of one carotid artery. Warm milk was then injected through the other carotid, till it escaped without any appreciable tinge. (These operations were performed by yellow sodium-light.) On ophthalmoscopic examination, the fundus was seen to be perfectly white; no details of structure could, however, be made out. The vessels were once more filled by injecting blood into the carotid artery, and the capillary plexus of the choroid resumed its normal aspect, no extravasation having taken place. The eyeball was now excised and the retina examined within fifteen minutes; it was still of a rosy-red hue, such as it usually presents in eyes which have been long protected from the light.

Influence of Sleep on the Activity of the Kidneys.—It has been ascertained by Prof. Quincke (*Archiv für experimentelle Pathol. und Pharmakol.*, vii., 2) that whereas the urine secreted during sleep is scanty and of high specific gravity, that secreted during the first three hours after waking is more abundant and of lower density than during any similar period of the twenty-four hours. A number of observations were made to establish this point, the subject remaining in bed, and taking neither food nor drink, for the three hours in question. The fact admits of being interpreted in various ways. We may suppose the absorption of fluid from the intestinal canal to be arrested during sleep and resumed on waking. This hypothesis is a most unlikely one; for the periodic variation takes place as usual when no liquid has been taken within four hours of retiring for the night. It is probable that the physiological activity of the kidneys may be checked during sleep, owing partly to diminished energy of the secretory nerves, partly to contraction of the renal blood-vessels, partly to a lowering of tension throughout the arterial system. This is the most probable explanation; but it is still in need of proof.

CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

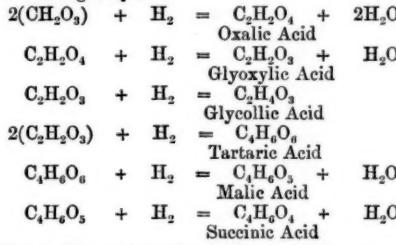
The Attraction and Repulsion of Bubbles by Heat.—Mr. Hartley, of King's College, communicated to the Royal Society last month some interesting results of a long series of experiments on the bubbles in the fluid-cavities of quartz, and others observed in sections of granite. He finds that those bubbles are attracted by a source of heat, and that under certain conditions they may be repelled. A rise of temperature, amounting to 5° or 6° C., causes attraction, and an increase of 0°.5 C. will in some cases produce repulsion. In certain instances the same bubble was repelled under ordinary conditions, but attracted if its temperature was raised to 60° C., the source of heat being always from 0°.5 to 5° C. warmer than the specimen operated upon. These phenomena, moreover, were observed in the case of cavities containing liquid carbonic acid, as well as water; and the exposure of carbonic acid to a temperature higher than that of its critical point did not affect the result. This affords a means of controlling to some extent the conditions of the experiment, since carbonic acid, when it just passes the critical point, exerts a tension of 109 atmospheres. The author considers the explanation, proposed by Profs. Tait and Swan, of the movement of bubbles in the cavities of calcite, noticed by Mr. Sang, of Edinburgh, to be insufficient; and, after showing that the warmth of the finger can propel even in a vertical direction a plug of water in a capillary

tube, refers the attraction of bubbles to the cause which occasions this movement. In communications addressed to Mr. Hartley, Prof. Stokes regards this *repulsion* of the *liquid* to be due to a decrease of surface-tension at one side of the plug of liquid in the tube, or at one side of a bubble in a cavity, a result in each case of a fall of temperature. When repulsion of a bubble, or *attraction* of the *liquid*, occurs, it is owing to a slight rise of temperature, which effects a disengagement of gas from the water on the side of the bubble nearest the source of heat, and that increases the surface-tension at this side; the bubble, therefore, is propelled in the opposite direction. As these explanations meet every fact which Mr. Hartley has noticed, he has abandoned his own theory regarding the movement, a theory, it may be stated, with which he was not entirely satisfied. In a paper recently read before the Chemical Society, Mr. Hartley states that some of the bubbles in water-cavities, with a rise of temperature, become denser than water and sink. He refers to a cavity in a crystal of quartz, occurring in a specimen of felsite, which was found by Mr. Young to contain a moving particle, supposed to be a bubble, which made its appearance only in a cold atmosphere. At 3° C. the cavity had the appearance of being two-thirds filled with liquid, the gas-bubble occupying the remaining space exhibiting a kind of trembling motion; as it decreased in size, the motion became more and more rapid, until it rushed across the space confining it. The thought suggested itself that this was not a gas-bubble, but liquid in a spheroidal condition; and repeated experiments showed it to be a bubble of liquid carbonic acid. The size of these bubbles was about $\frac{1}{5000}$ th of an inch in diameter; the motion becomes very slow in the case of bubbles $\frac{1}{15000}$ th of an inch across. Mr. Hartley believes that these vibratory motions afford an ocular demonstration of the continual passage of heat through solid substances, and apparently make the molecular vibrations of matter plainly visible.

Can Gases permeate Glass?—All bodies are generally assumed to be porous. Of the magnitude of their pores, or of the size of the molecules constituting the bodies themselves, we know next to nothing. It appears possible that molecules of complex constitution, especially such as have great molecular weight, may occupy more space, and form material with larger pores, than others with less molecular weight would fill and constitute. A hydrogen molecule, then, of all others, would occupy the least space, and it appeared to Quincke as not improbable that the particles of this element might be able to pass through the pores of solid substances such as glass. Although this view hardly appears to be in accordance with the generally received hypothesis respecting the properties of gases, the question whether those substances can traverse the pores of glass could only be decided by experiment. The author describes (Pogg. Ann., clx., 118) the results of a number of experiments which he has made in this field. He has tried whether, in the course of years, hydrogen and carbonic acid, under the pressure of 40 to 120 atmospheres, could pass through a glass wall 1.5 millimetre in thickness, and whether the amount of permeated gas could be determined on the balance by a loss in weight of the apparatus. Hydrogen was generated, from zinc and sulphuric acid, in a series of closed glass tubes, and the pressure in each case observed by the change in volume of the air of an enclosed capillary tube, which served as a manometer. During the first few days the pressure in the tubes was from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 atmospheres, at the end of five months it attained to from 27 to 54 atmospheres, and in seventeen years rose in one case to 126 atmospheres. The tubes were weighed from time to time on a very accurate balance, and in no case did their weight vary beyond from 0.1 to 0.3 milligramme. In a tube charged with carbonic acid, generated from lime carbonate and sulphuric acid, the pressure was observed during the first

few days to amount to 21 atmospheres, rose at the end of five months to 34 atmospheres, and after seventeen years reached a pressure of 44 atmospheres; the tube preserved, during this time, one and the same weight. A pressure, therefore, of from 40 to 120 atmospheres, maintained over the long period of seventeen years, is not sufficient to drive an appreciable amount of hydrogen or carbonic acid through glass 1.5 millimetre in thickness. It was remarked in the second case that the concentrated sulphuric acid flowed through the condensed carbonic acid as mercury moves in a glass tube filled with air. The author concludes his paper with a consideration of the probable size of molecules.

Succinic Acid in the Juice of the Unripe Grape.—Brunner and Brandenburg have sought for glyoxylic acid and desoxalic (racemocarbonic) acid among the constituents of the juice of the unripe grape (*Zeitschrift für anal. Chemie.*, 1877, xvi., 246). Fifty pounds weight of the fruit, gathered in the middle of June, supplied the material. The expressed liquid was directly treated with excess of lime carbonate, and the protein compounds having next been rendered insoluble by raising the filtrate to the boiling point, the filtered liquid was evaporated to as small a bulk as possible. After treating the residue with animal charcoal, a crystalline substance was obtained, which when purified was found, on analysis, to be lime succinate. The acids above referred to were not met with, and the authors ascribe their failure to detect their presence to the possibility of the grape having reached too advanced a stage of development; and they intend to examine the fruit at an earlier period, immediately after flowering. Should they prove successful in showing glyoxylic acid to be a normal constituent of the plant, a conception of the gradual conversion of carbonic acid into the vegetable acids under the reducing action of light may be arrived at—a conversion in accordance with experiments which can be performed in the laboratory. We might then regard the acids referred to, and others met with in vegetable tissues, to be successively derived from a hypothetical carbonic hydrate, in the following way:—



Neubauer detected oxalic acid in vine leaves, and found abundance of this acid, as well as some malic acid, in wines of bad vintages, like that of 1871. Malic acid is not met with in wines of good vintage, but it occurs plentifully in the leaf of the vine at a certain stage of growth. Moreover, Neubauer found succinic acid in the spring sap of the vine, and Gorup-Besanez detected the presence of glycolic acid and malic acid in the leaves of the Virginian creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*) (ACADEMY, 1872, iii., 172). Glyoxylic acid is the only member now wanting of this interesting series.

The Occurrence of Hyposulphites in Human Urine.—Schmiedeberg and Meissner found this acid to be an almost constant constituent of the urine of the cat, and to be frequently present in that of the dog. Strümpell (*Zeit. für anal. Chemie.*, 1877, xvi., 134) has now detected its presence in that of a patient suffering from typhus fever. He was led to search for this acid through his attention having been directed to an unusual reaction which the liquid exhibited with silver-solution during a volumetric determination of the chlorine, a reaction which those who perform analyses of this kind would do well to study. He found in the

case which he examined that 1.5 grammes of sulphur passed from the body every twenty-four hours in other forms than that of a sulphate. Calculated as hyposulphite it would amount to a daily yield of 2.25 grammes of this salt.

Action of Trimethylamine on Metallic Salts.—C. Vincent has pointed out (*Bull. Soc. Chim. Paris*, xxvii., 194) the importance of this body as a reagent. It can easily be prepared; and it differs in its reactions in many important respects from ammonia. The white gelatinous precipitate which it forms in aluminium salts dissolves in an excess of trimethylamine. The salts of cobalt, nickel, copper and zinc form precipitates which are insoluble in an excess of the reagent. Silver salts throw down a dull-grey precipitate, soluble in a large excess of trimethylamine; the chloride of that metal, however, is quite insoluble in it.

The Bismuth Mine of Tasmania.—Ulrich has communicated to the *Berg- und Hüttenm.-Zeitung*, xxxv., 447, a report on the occurrence of this metal at Mount Ramsay, and of the processes employed to extract it. It is met with as metal in a gange in granite, or in a hornblende rock, either in irregularly-shaped grains or crystalline, and associated with gold, arsenical pyrites, copper pyrites, magnetite, ilmenite, scheelite, fluor and axinite. The ore cannot be worked profitably for copper; it contains, however, 3 per cent. of bismuth, which, as well as the gold, are of considerable value.

SOME of the German and American journals have wisely directed attention to the poisonous character of the india-rubber toys which are now extensively manufactured and sold. The caoutchouc of which the articles are made contains, among other impurities, a large admixture, sometimes as much as sixty per cent., of oxide of zinc. Reference is made to a case of a child which, after amusing itself by holding for some time to its mouth a doll made of this material, became very ill, and especially suffered from severe vomiting. One doll which was warranted "harmless" was found after cremation to yield 57.68 per cent. of ash consisting almost wholly of zinc oxide. But not only are dolls and toy-animals of every kind made of this mixture: the wretched infant when sucking the feeding-bottle applies its lips to a structure of that material. We heartily concur with the writers referred to in the hope that the manufacture and sale of such articles may be prohibited.

MORH has called attention (*Annalen der Chemie*, clxxxv., 286) to a number of apparently anomalous decompositions produced by carbonic acid, in which stronger acids, such as phosphoric acid, acetic acid and chromic acid, are expelled from their compounds by means of carbonic acid.

WHAT are the requisite qualities of a water for domestic purposes? The question is discussed by Fischer in a paper which appeared in the *Pol. Journal*, ccxiii., 57, and is reprinted in the *Chem. Central-Blatt* for May. It contains an admirable digest of the literature of water-analysis, and cannot fail to be of great use to those who are interested in this by no means easy branch of practical chemistry. The author informs his readers that he is supported in his views by Pettenkofer, Varrentrapp, Gorup-Besanez, Reichardt and others.

A HANDY little text-book on gas-analysis has recently been published by Winkler, intituled *Auleitung zur chemischen Untersuchung der Industriegase* (Freiberg: Engelhardt). He divides the gases into seven groups, according to their behaviour with reagents employed to absorb and remove certain of them. The scheme for the recognition of a gas by the changes which it exhibits during or after ignition is particularly valuable. Paper soaked in manganese chloride and rendered alkaline with soda is employed as a test for the presence of small quantities of oxygen. The author comments on the very great difficulties

attending the preparation of any gas which does not contain at least a trace of that element.

STERN, of Oberstein, who some time since manufactured sets of chemical weights of quartz, now prepares measures and taps of that material.

THE next meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Havre in August next.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 24.)
Annual General Meeting.

THE President, Prof. Allman, F.R.S., in his customary anniversary address, gave a résumé of "Recent Researches among the Lower Sarcod Organisms," being a continuation of his subject of last year. For our knowledge of the Freshwater Monothalamic Rhizopods we are indebted to Archer of Dublin, Hertwig, Lesser, Schulze, and Greeff in Germany. The divisions *Lobosa*—viz., with short, thick pseudopodia—and *Filiforma*, with slender threadlike pseudopodia, seem natural. *Microgromia socialis*, belonging to the latter, is remarkable by forming colonies joined by a network of jelly threads, and from its protoplasm dividing spontaneously into two segments—one abiding in the shell, the other escaping and assuming an oval shape with vibratile flagella, not pseudopodia, thus becoming a free-swimming flagellate zoospore, afterwards developing into the above adult form. Haeckel's observation of the "yellow cells" of the Radiolaria containing starch was a remarkable and pregnant discovery. Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale's researches among the Flagellate Monads, that these may acquire an amoeboid condition and move about by pseudopodia, are highly important and suggestive. They state that two such amoeboid forms approach and ultimately become fused into one another; their united protoplasm as a spherical sac being filled with infinitely minute particles, or tiny germs afterwards destined for the reproduction of the individual. Not only have they traced the development of such germs, but elicited the unexpected fact that these same can be subjected to 258°—300° Fahr. without this heat destroying their vitality or power of development—a fact of special importance to the moot question of spontaneous generation. Hertwig and Lesser's discovery of a nucleus in the Foraminifera removes this group from the Cytodes or non-nucleated protoplasmic masses, and raises them to a higher stage among Rhizopoda. F. E. Schulze, from such facts, conceives he has got a clue to the affinities and derivation of the various members of the Rhizopodous sarcod organisms. The Cytodes (Monera) is the undivided stem; from these non-nucleated kinds spring the nucleated (*Amoeba*, Foraminifera, *Heliozoa*, &c.), the ascending branches giving rise to the Lobose, Filiform, &c., groups, and finally through the *Heliozoa*, the Radiolaria, and highest grade is reached.—The annual Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read. Of active scientific workers removed by death during the past year such names as Bowerbank, Newman, and Smee left gaps among the Fellows: and of foreign members deceased, Von Baer, Ehrenberg, and Hofmeister were savans of high repute. The progress of the society, notwithstanding, was manifest in number of Fellows elected, in usefulness and tone of scientific publications, in valuable additions to the library, and in financial matters generally. The demise of the late Charles Lambert had ensured the society a legacy of 500/-, to be devoted to its scientific work and pecuniary welfare.—The President and officers were balloted for and re-elected; and the following gentlemen, Lieut.-Colonel Grant, C.B., W. Carruthers, Esq., R. Hudson, Esq., Dr. J. Millar, and Dr. R. C. A. Prior, elected into Council in the room of an equal number retiring by rotation.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 31.)

DR. HOOKER, C.B., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—"The Physical Properties of Homologues and Isomers," by F. D. Brown; "On the Amplitude of Sound Waves," by Lord Rayleigh; "On the Alleged Correspondence of the Rainfall at Madras with the Sun-spot Period; and on the true Criterion of Periodicity in a series of Variable Quantities," by General Strachey.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 31.)
THE EARL OF CARNARVON in the Chair. Mr. C. T. Newton read a paper upon the objects discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae. On examining these relics, the first impression was one of their entire strangeness, but on further examination it was apparent that they had certain resemblances to objects found at Ialyssus, in Rhodes, which are now in the British Museum. Among the personal ornaments of gold, both places afford a great number of embossed discs. The metallic cups from Mycenae are of two shapes, very similar to the tinctile ware from Ialyssus, allowing for the difference resulting in the treatment of another material; and they are similarly ornamented with friezes of dolphins and birds. A conventional representation of the cuttle-fish, which is found on gold discs at Mycenae, also occurs on pottery from Ialyssus. These creatures were familiar objects in Greece, being employed as food, but whether the representation of them is purely ornamental or symbolic is unknown. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that this animal might be the origin of the fabled Hydra destroyed by Heracles. It is clear from Homer's description of the shield made by Hephaestus, and from the wearing of gold cicadas by the Athenian women, that there was a tendency in early art to take the smaller creatures for decorative purposes. Mr. Newton exhibited drawings of rude idols similar to those called by Dr. Schliemann the horned Hera; but what Dr. Schliemann takes for horns, Mr. Newton thinks are rather intended for arms. A dark, opaque, vitreous composition was found both at Mycenae and Ialyssus, but none has been hitherto discovered at Hissarlik. Mr. Newton showed some casts from gems from Melos and Rhodes, with rude representations of men and beasts of the same kind as some found by Dr. Schliemann. One of these, from Rhodes, bore two lions with a pillar between them, as on the Lion Gate at Mycenae. In both places a few Egyptian objects were found; among those at Ialyssus being a cartouche of Amenoph III., whose date is about 1100 B.C. The pottery in the tombs differs materially in form and decoration from that found in the so-called treasures, which, however, are themselves also tombs, though, as Mr. Newton thinks, of an earlier date than the others. The pottery found near tombs is never a criterion of their date, as it was customary, as long as offerings were made to the departed, to break the vessels employed, so that the fragments found at the entrance to a tomb are often several centuries later than the tomb itself. Dr. Schliemann was himself present at the meeting, and made a few remarks in explanation of points on which Mr. Newton was doubtful.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 1.)

HENRY SWEET, Esq., President, in the Chair. The President made a favourable report on the work of Prof. Kern, of Leyden, and recommended him for election as an honorary member of the Society.—Prof. F. Cassal read the second part of his paper on "French Genders," which he intends to publish as a separate treatise on the subject, and in which he accounts, on the grounds of phonetic analogy, intellectual analogy, false analogy, &c., for the gender of every exceptional noun in the French language, including the curiously large number of modern compounds, creations, and importations.—Mr. H. Nicol then read the first part of a paper "On some Points in Early-English Pronunciation," based chiefly on Mr. Ellis's materials. The first point was that in Early Modern English *ee* and *oo*, as in *deem*, *doom*, had not their present sounds of *ii* and *uu*, but sounds intermediate to these and the Middle English close *éé* and *óó* from which they derived; Palsgrave, in 1530, twice saying that French and Italian *i* have (not the same, but) almost the same sound as *e* in the English *bee*, *peer*, &c., and not comparing Fr. *ou*, It. *u*, with E. *oo*. The second point was that the peculiar English wide short *i*, as in *sing*, *thin*, *lily*, was only partially developed in Early Modern English, many words retaining the pure French and Italian narrow short *i*; Salesbury, in 1547 and 1567, expressly distinguishing between English words with *i* = Welsh *i*, and those with *i* = W. *y*. To the former class belonged every *i*, accented or unaccented, not followed by a consonant in the same syllable, as in *lily*, in Welsh spelling *lili*; or followed by certain consonants in the same syllable, as in *king*, *twinkle*, W. *king*, *twinkl*: to the latter class belonged every accented *i* followed by certain other consonants in the same syllable, as in *win*, *this*, W. *wynn*, *dlys*.

In the discussion Dr. Murray remarked that the present West Somerset dialect not only distinguishes between narrow and wide short *i*, but does so according to laws almost identical with those deduced from Salesbury's account of sixteenth-century London pronunciation.

FINE ART.

THE SALON OF 1877.

(Fourth and concluding Notice.)

To devote only one notice to Sculpture when three have been given to painting seems out of all proportion to the importance, if not to the number, of the works which throng the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie. They present, perhaps, the most complete expression of French art, though they receive but a small amount of popular interest if compared with that aroused by the pictures. The lively enthusiasm called forth by the attractions of drama and colour flags before the naked austerity of marble or the grave severity of bronze. The attempts made now and again to impart a piquant or picturesque character to these materials obtain, however, but a transient popularity; they rarely result in anything which can permanently satisfy the more cultivated section of the public, and never give promise of fruitful development. But the desire for change inspires renewed efforts in the same direction, and to this year's Salon Gustave Doré sends for exhibition *La Parque et l'Amour*, a group which, for utterly unsculptural treatment, rivals the notorious *Après la Tempête*, contributed by Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt to the last. *La Parque*, a wizened and decrepit hag, cuts the thread held by the fingers of the young Love who leans backward against her lap. The group exaggerates, with incontestable cleverness, all the worst defects of the class of work to which it belongs. The abuse of small undercutting in the multitudinous folds which fall about the lean figure of *La Parque* disturbs the whole surface with little fidgety sharp shadows, beneath which not a line can be found indicative of structure or play of movement; and if we take only a decorative point of view, then we must acknowledge that the naked figure of Love does not tell as a space with sufficient breadth and importance from out of the background of voluminous drapery in which it is embedded.

The same unsculptural character, though in a lesser degree, is a reproach to Falguière's *Lamartine*, a colossal bronze statue, destined for the poet's birthplace, the town of Macon. The laurel bush has, indeed, been removed which, in the cast of last year, was to be seen shooting from between the heels of Lamartine's boots, and forcing its way up his back, engaged in an angry struggle with the folds of his cloak; but the cloak itself is as wildly contorted as ever, and recalls, in its agitated movement, the fantastic effects in which Roubiliac used to delight. It is impossible to see any fitness in this treatment, even a symbolical appropriateness, for suggestions of storm and tempest cannot recall the dominant character either of the poet's genius or his life.

Among the most noteworthy of other statues destined for public monuments is that of Berryer, by Chapu, the author of the charming and popular *Jeunesse*, which commemorates, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Henri Regnault and his comrades, the young artists who, like him, fell victims of *l'année terrible*. Chapu does not, however, show to as much advantage in work which requires weight and dignity as in dealing with subjects which can be fitly characterised by a certain spirited elegance of style distinctly proper to his talent. *La Pensée* (3,643), a large bas-relief designed by him as a memorial of Daniel Stern (Mdme. d'Agout), is an example in point. A seated figure closely draped, personifying Thought, throws back from her face the veil by which it was shrouded, in a movement which not only

emphasises the graceful curves of the whole arrangement, but which is in itself full of suggestion. Given the limits of a certain order of ideas, there is in *La Pensée* a completeness, a unity of conception and form, very seldom to be met with. It has also the merit of explaining itself. Corbel's *La Colombe et la Fourmi* (3,669), which stands near, fails in this respect. The movement of the man, arrested in the act of discharging his arrow from the bow, is happy, and the lines of the figure are noticeably strong and graceful, but the action is wholly unexplained, its cause is invisible, and we have to read La Fontaine's fable in order to recall the story of the archer who, bitten by an ant in the heel, missed the dove he was on the point of bringing down.

The most considerable work of the year is Mercié's *Génie des Arts*, a group in high-relief and of colossal proportions. It is intended to fill, above the main entrance to the Louvre on the river side, the space previously occupied by Barye's unfortunate equestrian statue of Napoleon III. habited as a Roman emperor. M. Mercié represents the young Apollo borne aloft on his winged steed, and preceded by Glory, a female figure, who beckons him onwards, bearing a palm-branch in her outstretched hand. The upward floating movement of this figure is very nobly felt, and the general treatment of line, and casting of the drapery rippling in delicate folds across the beautiful limbs, brings to mind something of the perfections of the great Victory of Samothrace. But the Glory of M. Mercié is not an imitation but an application, essentially modern in its spirit, of the principles which guided Greek work at the moment of its most exquisite art. Other parts of the work are in this respect less successful. The movement of the whole is spirited, the head of the horse admirable, and the shadows are managed with great skill. Parts of the figure of Apollo are fine; the uplifted left arm is especially noble and full in line, but the torso is comprehended in another spirit, and the accent is disturbed by a number of small realisms which seem to mark out forms less noble than those which swell the flowing outlines of the limbs. The main difficulty, though, the problem of how to seat a man upon a hippocamp—this is the most serious defect of M. Mercié's able work—is evaded rather than solved. Pegasus cannot fly, for the god who bestrides him, casting his leg over one of his wings, pinions it to his side, so that all movement is impossible.

The idea of the triumph of moral energy over physical force is conceived and carried out by Schoenewerk in *Mime-dompteur* (4,141). The *Mime*, kneeling on one knee, looks steadily down upon a leopard which crouches and trembles beneath the threat of blows from a light stick uplifted in his right hand. The whole force of a man is in the face of the *Mime*, in the gaze which fixes the beast in an action of deceitful fawning about his feet. The savage falsehood of this movement is very expressive, the lines of the group are elegant, and the back and body of the man are specially noticeable for admirable workmanship in admirable style. In the *Néréide* (4,021) of Moreau-Vauthier the back is again that portion of the figure which comes the best, and the side on which we get it turned towards us is that which composes with most elegance. The head lacks, unfortunately, something of appropriate distinction and poetic sentiment, but the whole figure is, in spite of this, a lovely thing to see, a real spirit of the waves alive and flowing.

Schoenewerk and Moreau-Vauthier are content to strive after the perfection of types long held to embody all distinction and elegance. In *La Musique* (3,702) of Delaplanche we get an equal desire for grace and beauty, coupled with that of inspiring its expression with a more novel, a more modern interest. This preoccupation, in itself laudable, is sometimes a source of embarrassment, and it is thus that *La Musique* just misses being quite satisfactory. She stands well, and it would be impossible to deny the grace and individual

character of the little figure, as, throwing back her head, she sings passionately with half-closed eyes, and at the same time accompanies herself vigorously on the violin. To such a feat as this Music herself may perhaps be equal, but the violin is an instrument of a highly artificial character, and consequently looks absurdly out of place in the hands of a naked performer. The bit of drapery which the sculptor has granted to his subject does not improve matters: the coarse blanket which, slung round the waist by a cord, slips and swings about the lower limbs from the left is of a texture and solidity which would be fitting laid across the knees of one of Dalou's peasant-women, but which is out of keeping with the delicate refinement of the type in which Music is embodied. The thick folds have a homely air which seems incongruous to the personification of enthusiastic inspiration. Yet *La Musique* is very far from failure; it has youth and spirit, charm and distinction. Something of the same charm, a truth of accent, and the interest which is necessarily inspired by treatment of an essentially-modern cast, distinguishes Gautherin's *Clotilde de Surville* (3,808). But this is a more completely accomplished work. *Clotilde de Surville* is a name brought to light only, it would seem, through the caprice of one of her descendants, who attributed to this distant ancestress, a contemporary of Charles d'Orléans, poems which he himself did not care to own, and which he had composed in the spirit and manner of her day. One of the most exquisite of these imitations, the celebrated *Verselets à mon premier-né*, has furnished M. Gautherin with the motive for his statue. "O cher enfantelet, vray pourtrait de ton père, Dors sur le seyn que ta bouche a pressé! Dors, petit; clos, amy, sur le seyn de ta mère, Tien doux oïillet par le somme oppresé." The child sleeps heavily on the breast of the young mother encircled by her protecting arms. The soft embrace, the exquisite protecting tenderness, of the clasping hands which fold about the little limbs in firm yet delicate pressure, appeal at once to the imagination, and suggest the ideal of the profound passion of a mother's love. The face above looks down with the hushed quiet of the little one's deep repose reflected on its delicate lines; but the tremor of an ecstatic dream seems to swell the lips and fill the eyes, a dream in which the future shows itself big with doubtful promise, and the fear of that which shall be, that fear which overshadows all great love, with equal foreboding of joy and sorrow, touches the springs of emotion and troubles them with prophetic pain—pain which may herald the fertile throes of life, or be, indeed, the dismal precursor of the pangs of death. This brooding mystery of passion is expressed by M. Gautherin with a frank and sincere realism, exquisite in its choice of forms, but none the less direct and simple in attack and accent, and in the selection of the subject there is shown, also, a wise instinct for sentiment which has more than a transient value.

This instinct for what the Germans call "das allgemeine menschliche Element" invariably distinguishes the works of M. Guillaume, the learned and accomplished Directeur de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts. *Mariage Romain* (3,845), a group to be placed in the Salle des Mariages of one of the *mairies* of Paris, is pre-eminently scholarly in character; it presents, not the passionate or sentimental, but the grave and austere aspect of the tie. Man and woman sit side by side, and the grasp of their hands is firm and confident; no agitation of pleasure disturbs their tranquil serenity of mood, or colours the future with the hopeful vision of love; their eyes look steadily out on the prospect of a durable alliance; self-contained and self-reliant, even the woman is free from all but the shade of emotion—she bends her head and drops her eyelids with an air of proud reserve rather than with any shame of tenderness. The draperies are ordered so as to convey an impression

of dignity and composure, and the skill with which sufficient accent is obtained in the shadows without sacrificing the quiet breadth of the general effect is a point worthy of study. *Les Adieux* (4,063), by Perraud, is deficient in this respect. The action of the blind father, who feels the face of the warrior son who leaves him for the battlefield, has a certain touch of pathos, and the composition is well constructed, but the whole relief is thin and flat, suffering from the want of a painter's eye for the value of light and shade. Two busts (3,551 and 3,582), by Barrias, on the other hand, prove what something of a painter's training can do for a sculptor. One especially, that of an elderly woman, is a marvel of delicate portraiture; both hands and head show the life and colour which may be obtained by putting an intentional accent on certain significant projections without in any degree forcing the general sense. *La Tentation* (3,875), by Injalbert, placed not far from *Les Adieux*, a thoroughly individual reproduction to a certain extent of the *Adam and Eve* of Michel Angelo, should not be overlooked, and the charming composition of Millet's *Cassandra se met sous la Protection de Pallas* (4,009) is also noteworthy. This figure, though, now in marble, does not improve upon the recollection of the same design in the cast. It seems to suffer in precisely the same respect as did Christophe's *Comédie humaine* last year. The work which enriched and gave infinite variety and interest to the surface of the original model has been denied to the marble, and the outlines—take, for instance, the left thigh, which fronts us—look vacant and unmeaning. The excellent qualities of the rendering of another classical subject, the *Achille* (3,906) of Lafrance, which is full of good work and evidence of no ordinary ability, are marred by the attitude. Achilles lounges in his chair, legs wide apart, and one arm slung over the back. We expect to find a bottle rather than a dagger in the half-closed fingers of his right hand.

The tendency to pure imitation which is so strongly marked among the younger painters finds a representative in M. Vasselot, whose *Fillelette* (4,175) is destitute of any other aim, and in *Le Pécheur Napolitain* (3,815) of Vincenzo Genito, an Italian sculptor; while to Max Claudet may be awarded the distinction of having produced in his ridiculous *Hoche, enfant* (3,660) the most utterly idiotic work in the whole exhibition.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

NOTES ON REMBRANDT.

IV.

I MUST begin this paper with the correction of an error. In my Notes No. 1 (ACADEMY, February 24) I placed *The Funeral of Christ* (W. 89, B. 60) in the year 1632-3. There were reasons for so placing it, and I erred in good company, but no sooner was the print upon the walls of the Fine Art Gallery than the mistake was apparent, and the *Funeral* was relegated to its proper place, or to what is probably a very near approximation to it. It should, I think, be in 1645, close by *Abraham conversing with Isaac*, No. 99 (W. 38, B. 5), also signed "Rembrant," the *d* omitted.

And in my last paper remarking on the use of "Van Rijn" in Rembrandt's time, I had forgotten a *St. Anastasius* by P. de Baillu, with the inscription "Rembrandt van Rijn inv." It is not impossible that others have been overlooked.

No. 19 is *The Good Samaritan*. Mr. Haden attributes the plate to Bol, and, if I rightly understand him, allots no part of it to Rembrandt. I cannot go with him so far as this, because I think I see in it evidence of the master's hand as well as that of the pupil. It is unfortunate that we have no signed engraving by Bol earlier than 1639. At the time this *Good Samaritan* was etched Bol was a pupil, and so did not affix his own name to his compositions; we are, therefore,

unable to compare this piece with any undoubtedly work of his executed at the time, and can only surmise from an examination of his later manner what would have been his technic then. That this comparison does to some degree help us is, I think, undoubtedly: there is a certain minuteness of detail in Bol's earlier signed works which bears a greater resemblance to the technic in this and some other pieces than it does to the handling of Rembrandt. But, first, as to the design of *The Good Samaritan*: Vosmaer, p. 38, suggests that the idea was borrowed from a print by Jan van der Velde, signed by him but not dated. Jan van der Velde was born in 1598, and was one of the few artists of the Dutch school who pictured military scenes. We have from him a small series representing Spanish troops marching in the Low Countries in 1638-41-45; they are after Jacob Martin de Jonge. His print of the *Good Samaritan* varies from the one we are considering in that it is a night scene, and the Good Samaritan and the host are represented at the bottom of the steps instead of the top. I assume that this No. 19 was designed and partly executed by Rembrandt, and that it was placed in the hands of a pupil for completion. For the workmanship compare it with No. 24, the *St. Jerome* (W. 105, B. 71). Here we have a resemblance to the work of Bol in design as well as technic—a resemblance more striking than is seen in any part of the *Good Samaritan* (remark the drawing of a lion by Rembrandt, placed in the same frame, so infinitely superior to the heraldic animal which is seen in the foreground of the *St. Jerome*).

The amateur should also acquaint himself with another so-called Rembrandt, not exhibited (W. 5, B. 25), called a *Flight into Egypt*. It is a print designed by Rembrandt; the Virgin, carrying the Holy Child closely wrapped in her mantle, is seated on an ass, and though we cannot but admire the struggles of the heavily-laden animal to ascend the rising ground up which Joseph is leading it, yet when we compare the mechanical neatness of the technic and the formal foliage with that seen in parts of the *Good Samaritan*, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that this *Flight* and the *Good Samaritan* owe a large part of their execution to the same hand. I wish the print had been hung in the gallery, that the student might compare them. There is a point of less importance which may yet be noted, that both this piece and the *Good Samaritan* are alike in their signature. The inscription in each is "Rembrandt inventor et fecit"; it is a curious coincidence even if it is nothing more. Still, whatever criticisms may be passed upon the *Good Samaritan*, I think we have in it much that reminds us of the genius of Rembrandt: the features of the host, for instance, taking his instructions as to the care of the wounded man; the face of the traveller himself recounting to the person at the window the peril through which he has passed; and even the little scene in the background, the woman drawing water from the well, are more in the manner of the master than of the scholar. So, whatever doubt we may feel regarding certain parts of the print, we need not, I think, refuse to see in it evidences of Rembrandt's work; nor should we forget that it is of his earliest time, or reject it because it does not show the genius apparent in later work. Even Homer sometimes slept, and Rembrandt may not at all times have been equal to himself. No. 10, *Head of an Old Man* (W. 261, B. 281), which has been ascribed to Bol, will, perhaps, be more readily attributed to the pupil. But the question is not free from difficulty. There are four very similar Heads (W. 293, 310, 316, 323), on which Rembrandt's monogram, and on three of them the date, appears. Bol's earliest work, not described, is signed in rather stronger characters than he generally uses, "F. Bol. f. 1639." In it is represented an old man seated at a table with a bowl of bread before him, over which he holds his hands as if invoking a blessing. If this print is

really by Bol, and it will compare very closely with his other early work, we have an example of his manner at that time; its execution is certainly inferior to that in the Head No. 10, and in the others referred to. In 1642-3, Bol's execution has become much more like that of Rembrandt, and in these years he several times reproduces the Heads No. 10, &c., though I cannot say that he equals them. If, then, it is decided that this No. 10 and the similar Heads are by Bol, we must first reject the signatures and dates which appear upon them, and must then place the prints ten years later, a time when Bol was signing his own name; and finally explain why Bol permitted a misleading monogram and date upon some of his best prints. I am myself unwilling to attribute these Heads to any but Rembrandt. That the head No. 10 is unlike much of Rembrandt's work at this date does not necessarily prove that it is not by his hand. There are like discrepancies in his work at other times. See, for instance, the *Three Oriental Figures*, exhibited at No. 78 (W. 122, B. 7), which will not compare with any of Rembrandt's dated prints at that time, and which may or may not be his. Nay, we need go no further than the *Rembrandt with a Scarf*, No. 17 (W. 17, B. 229), for unlikeness to the work of the master at the same date, 1633.

Let us now turn to the exquisite portrait called *Rembrandt in an Oval*, No. 25 (W. 23, B. 232). The first state of this portrait, besides being a print of the greatest beauty, is also excessively rare, so rare that only four impressions, I believe, are known. Until Charles Blanc (vol. ii., p. 179) pointed out some important differences in this head from the received portraits of Rembrandt, noting especially the presence of the wart upon the face in this No. 25, it was always considered to be a likeness of Rembrandt himself. M. Blanc's suggestion is that it is a portrait of Prince Adolphus of Gueldres. There is a picture at Berlin which is assumed to be a portrait of this Prince Adolphus, signed "Rembrandt, 1639." He is represented in an angry mood, with clenched fist threatening his father, who looks out in fear from his prison window. The composition has also been designated *Samson threatening Manoah*. Probably it is as much a likeness of Samson as it is of Prince Adolphus. I cannot learn that any authentic portrait of the Prince exists from which it could have been taken; and as Adolphus, whose unfilial conduct fills some seventy folio pages in the *Historia Gelrica* of Pontanus, died in 1477, it is clear that Rembrandt did not take this portrait from the life.* The picture has been engraved by Schmidt—and there is an outline drawing in Kugler's *Handbook*, which is more easily available for comparison, though of course much inferior to Schmidt's engraving. Comparing the *Prince Adolphus* with this etching (No. 25), we see more points of resemblance than of difference: there is great similarity in the hair, in the forehead, the nose, and—remembering the widely different expressions—in the mouth; the similarity extends to the dress, it is seen in the loosely-fitting coat, braided and fastened in front and confined at the waist with a sash, in the character of the sword, and in the ring depending from the ear. It is possible that the almond-shaped eyes in the etching could hardly have enlarged to the angrily opened orbit of the other; but enough remains to show that the sitter in both cases was the same, and whoever that sitter may have been, it was not the artist himself, nor was it any humble model who may have attended his studio. Let me commend the investigation to amateurs. I myself have not yet discovered anything in the history

* If the reader desires to know more than the picture reveals about Duke Arnold and his promising son, and objects, as he naturally may do, to seek his information in the ponderous folio of Pontanus, he will find the tale partly told in Lord Albemarle's *Fifty Years of My Life* (London, 1876), vol. i., pp. 14, &c.

of the time, from 1634 to 1639, which can give a clue to the original.

But whose is the portrait of which such perfect impressions are exhibited under the name of *The Great Jewish Bride*, No. 26 (W. 337, B. 199)? Here we have indeed a work of marvellous beauty. Of this it has been well observed:—

"The quality of the hair is best seen in the early states of the print. There, too, the light is natural, the inspiration direct. Thus far the piece has been done at a sitting. In the finished picture the light is a studio light, and the work, while very vigorous and artistic, lacks the particular delightfulness of a sudden transcript from nature and the life."*

That this is a likeness of Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, is an opinion so generally received that I hardly dare suggest the possibility of an error. It was Charles Blanc who first, I believe, recognised in this Jewish Bride the portrait of Saskia Uylenburg; and he describes an original painting by Rembrandt, engraved by Haid, to which Smith in his Catalogue gives the name of *Bathsheba*, and of which Blanc considers this portrait is a reproduction. We do not know when the name *The Jewish Bride* was given to the piece, or what ground there may have been for the assumption that the lady was a daughter of Ephraim Bonus, the Jewish physician. I have compared it, not only with the etchings which are allowed to be studies of Rembrandt's wife—No. 30, to which it bears a close resemblance, and Nos. 38, 39, 44, 54, from all of which it varies in a greater or less degree—but also with other known portraits of Saskia. The bride in *The Marriage of Rembrandt* is certainly unlike this: the Cassel picture, engraved in Rembrandt's own time by Peter Leeuw and recently by Unger, taken, it is said, immediately after his marriage; the Antwerp picture, of which a very fine photograph appears in Bürger's folio; the portrait of Rembrandt's wife seated on his knee; and also another portrait engraved by Leeuw, on which is inscribed in ink as old as the paper itself that "this is the wife of Rembrandt van Rijn (de huysvrouw van Rembrandt van Rijn)," bear only a faint resemblance to the *Great Jewish Bride*. On the other hand, there are studies which recall it. Thus the queenly figure in the *Feast of Ahasuerus*, engraved by Schmidt, is an evident reproduction. The conclusion I come to is that Saskia was the model for this etching, but that it is an idealised study and not a portrait, and it must be confessed that Rembrandt's genius did not lie in accuracy of likeness. The features of the Burgomaster Bonus and Lutma present considerable variation when treated by other hands; nay, the first-named has varied under the hand of Rembrandt himself, and we know how Captain Kock's portrait in the *Night Watch* gave the Captain so little satisfaction that he immediately caused himself to be repainted by Helst.

No. 29, *Jesus driving out the Money-Changers* (W. 73, B. 44), is chiefly interesting from the fact, first noticed by Zani, that the figure of our Saviour is copied in reverse from a similar scene in the *Little Passion* of Albert Dürer. It was very seldom that Rembrandt copied or borrowed from another. In a very charming little print, a *Holy Family*, not exhibited (W. 66, B. 33), he seems to have been inspired by an Italian model. In some of his backgrounds he follows, or imitates Titian (see 122, 136, 180, 203); but actual copies of the design or figures of another master are with him so rare that they are the more noticeable when they do occur. The two impressions of *The Angel appearing to the Shepherds* (Nos. 32, 33) are of singular excellence, and should be carefully studied; the print, originally a pure etching, is brought up to its present beautiful effect with dry-point. Govaert Flinck, one of Rembrandt's pupils, has made use of this composition in depicting a similar scene, closely imitating some of the

* See an article on "Masters of Etching," by Frederick Wedmore. *Macmillan*, No. 176 (June, 1874).

figures and foliage, in which we can trace a similarity to Lastman. Flinck's picture, now in the Louvre, is probably his finest work; it has been engraved by Longhi. No. 40, *The Prodigal Son* (W. 96, B. 43), should not be passed by. It is not by any means a rare print; but for composition, feeling, and execution, there are few which, I think, surpass it.

CHARLES HENRY MIDDLETON.

PICTURE-EXHIBITIONS—MISS THOMPSON,
M. PICCHIO.

THERE seems to be a kind of destiny which enchains Miss Thompson to military subjects for all her principal pictures; though we can scarcely doubt that a painter who has so much command over expression, grouping, and moving incident, would find plenty of field for her powers in themes of a more general kind, whether of historical or of more simply individual interest. Military pictures, by the number of agents they bring on the scene, and the large range for subsidiary incident, do indeed offer plenty of scope for an inventive painter; but their limitations are after all severe, and to a great extent of an anti-pictorial order, and it is difficult to suppose that any painter, not personally wrapped round in soldiering associations, would of free choice abide restricted to such pictures alone. Of course, a great deal depends upon once getting into a particular groove, and upon commissions and importunities thence ensuing: and in Miss Thompson's case something may probably be allowed for the very singularity of this direction of effort for a woman, and the consciousness of possessing the exceptional gift.

Miss Thompson's celebrated paintings of *The Roll-Call*, *Quatre Bras*, and *Balaclava*, with her new picture of *Inkerman*, are now reunited at the premises of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street: we believe her early and excellent picture named *Missing* is also in the gallery, although we did not observe it on our visit. The *Inkerman* (briefly so designated) is properly *The Return from Inkerman*, not the battle itself: and in this respect its treatment runs *pari passu* with that of the *Balaclava*. The scene is the road that curved down the so-called Home Ridge to the camp of the Second Division of the British Army. A battalion of soldiers, mingled from the Cold-stream Guards and the 20th Regiment, is "marching in a long straggling column of fours." Three Russian prisoners are in the centre: in the rear, the French ambulance retires to the right, the men cheering their British allies. In the distance are the ruins of Inkerman, and the heights from which the Russian guns had cannonaded. A long scattering line of birds is in the sky: sullen vapours of smoke intermixed with fog float uncleared, with yellow reflections, near the horizon. The minor incidents are numerous, highly appropriate, and, so far as the conditions permit, adequately varied: on these, however, we need not dwell, as there is nothing of a peculiarly salient kind. With less action and grim intensity than the *Quatre Bras*, and less fervour of semi-abstract invention than the *Balaclava*, the new picture is fully equal to either of these works in general artist-like treatment, and even superior in impressive grouping—the forward-swerving line of stalwart men being massive and imposing in a high degree; while the faculty of pictorial execution has, we think, reached here a higher development than in any previous work of its author. Miss Thompson has undoubtedly once again achieved—and, what is better, deserved—a success.

In the gallery of the London Stereoscopic Company, 110 Regent Street, is to be seen another picture, also to some extent military in character. It is termed "the Prohibited Picture, *The Triumph of Order*, by Ernest Pichio, representing the Execution [of Communists] in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise by Government Troops." We

are told, and can very readily credit, that "the Minister, and the Director of the Fine Arts, refused to have the picture submitted to the jury of the French Salon, alleging that it was of a nature to stir political passions." The mitrailleuse has been the chief engine of the wholesale slaughter shown in the picture. Men, women, and children, dead and dying, lie in the foreground; another batch are being shot down—their backs to the wall, at their feet the natural hollow into which they are to tumble, and which will be their grave, filled in with chloride of lime. An officer fires a final and not unmerciful shot at a man who is trying to escape from the foss. Among the condemned the principal personage is a middle-aged, white-haired man, obviously a thinker and leader in his cause, whose arm bears the red cross of the Geneva Society: he clasps hands with younger man, and a boy behind grasps his wrist. There is a large amount of variety in the actions and groupings, and many touches of dramatic force and terror; and the painter, aiming as he apparently does at representing the veritable aspect and distribution of the scene, does not at all shrink from showing forth its horrors. The Communists are represented mostly as persons of the middle rank, or of some intellectual pretension; comparatively few belong to the populace, and still fewer to the destitute classes. On the whole, M. Pichio has thought and planned his work out well, and makes it a competent symbol of his own conception of its larger bearings: the pictorial capacity which he evinces is not to be undervalued, though no very high standard of accomplishment is attained. He is the author of two preceding works which made, we believe, some stir, but we do not recollect having seen them—*Charles IX. giving the Signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, and *Baudin sacrificing Himself for the Rights of the People*, December 2, 1851. The present picture is stated to have been termed a "Sublime Horror" by Victor Hugo. W. M. ROSSETTI.

THE MILLARÈS.

M. LOUIS BLANCARD has recently published at Marseilles a singularly precise and exhaustive essay on the Millarès. In the commercial relations which the Crusades opened up between Christian and Muslim traders, some difficulty was at first encountered in the matter of currency. The Christians could not read the inscriptions of the Mohammedan money, nor the Muslims the Christian money. The Christians, having perhaps a keener perception of the relative importance of commerce and religion, abandoned their prejudices, and began to issue in large numbers imitations of the contemporary Muslim coinage, bearing the name of Mohammad and the declaration of his apostolic rank. Thus much was known from various sources, but what the coins thus struck were, or whether any still existed in our museums, no one had been able to decide. M. Germain, however, had lately discovered that the millarès were of silver, and that at the mints of Montpellier and Melgueil they were $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{9}{12}$ fine. The mint of Melgueil was the property of Bishop Bérenger de Frérol, and the worthy priest received no light reproof from Clement IV. for allowing coins to be struck with the name of Mohammad as prophet of God; but the warnings of the spiritual father seem to have been without effect on the minters. At this point M. Blancard takes up the investigation, and after much research arrives at the following results. The millarès were coined at Montpellier, Melgueil, Majorca, Marseilles, Arles, for the Comtat Venaissin, Pisa, Monterio, in the thirteenth century, from 1202 to 1269, and their destination was Spain, Sicily, and Northern Africa (Ceuta, Oran, Bougie, Tlemcen). The value of the coin, as M. Blancard shows by a most careful examination of the Manduel, was the tenth of a bezant de millarès (the unity employed for reckoning), which was worth intrinsically 2 fr. 50 cent., and weighed 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ grammes. The

millarès thus contained 25 centimes' worth of silver, and weighed 1 gramme 35 centigr. It is at present impossible to discover the exact number of these coins fabricated at the different mints, but one can form an approximate estimate from M. Germain's discovery that during certain years the Marseilles mint issued and exported 5,000,000 millarès a year! The whole issue from all the mints cannot have amounted to less than 50,000,000 a year; and hence the aggregate issue of these coins during the sixty years of their fabrication must have amounted to something like 3,000,000,000! The question next dealt with by M. Blancard is, what currency were these coins copied from? The data arrived at are—an Arabic legend, comprising the name and prophetic mission of Mohammad; silver as the metal; mean weight, 1.35 grammes; issue, thirteenth century. All these correspond precisely with the square half-dirhems of the Muwahhids (or Almohades) who reigned in Spain and Northern Africa from 1130 to 1269. A large number of unmounted Muwahhid and square half-dirhems weigh precisely 1.35 grammes; they bear the name and mission of Mohammad, but the name of no Mohammadan ruler; they are silver; and they were issued in the thirteenth century, and their issue terminated at the same time as that of the millarès. But M. Blancard is not content with proving beyond a doubt that the millarès were certainly copied from the Muwahhid and half-dirhem: he has actually lighted upon a score of specimens of the very coinage. He has found square silver coins, of $\frac{9}{12}$ fineness, with inscriptions copied from those of the Muwahhid square half-dirhems, but with the name of Mohammad and of God (supposed by the workmen to be only Allah) slightly mutilated in the engraving, so as to be hardly legible. Everything is, therefore, proved, except what happened to the millarès after the extinction of the Muwahhids. There can be little doubt that our museums and private collections contain many specimens, hitherto unrecognised, of those curious monuments of Christian commerce with Muslim countries. We have given but an outline of M. Louis Blancard's researches, and must refer all numismatists to his work—a model of what a monograph should be, in closeness of argument, clearness and conciseness of language, and patient research.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. C. H. SAUNDERS has opened at the so-called Byron Gallery, 26 Savile Row, an exhibition of pictures painted by him in the autumn of 1875 "illustrating the birthplace and homes of Tiziano Vecellio, together with various scenes in the Italian Tyrol, selected from the picturesque district known as Titian's Country." As the current year is the fourth centenary of Titian's birth, this exhibition is now more peculiarly apposite; even apart from this consideration, however, the associations and beauty of the localities depicted would at any time make the collection interesting—and this may be averred without overstating the purely artistic deservings of Mr. Saunders' works. The district in which he has painted extends from the Austrian frontier near Cortina, in the Ampezzo Thal, to the Ceneda Hills, about forty miles north of Venice; the books published regarding this country by Mr. Josiah Gilbert and Miss Amelia Edwards have been duly consulted. The paintings catalogued are thirty-two in number; including the Casa Tiziano, Cadore, the painter's birth-house; the very room (now a sufficiently humble one) in which he was born; his studio in the same house; his house in Serravalle; that in Venice, the Casa Grande; his house on the Colle di Manza near Ceneda; the Monte Marmarolo, named also Titian's Mountain; various mountain-scenes used in his pictures as backgrounds, such as one in the Bosco del Gran Consiglio, introduced into the "Jupiter and Antiope;" &c., &c.

We observe with satisfaction that Mr. Quaritch has reissued the well-known and very useful work of Rosini, *Storia della Pittura Italiana*, in seven volumes; with all its outline illustrations, extremely numerous, and highly serviceable as memoranda, whether to the reader who peruses the book throughout, or to the amateur who may want, at a moment's notice, to verify some point that turns up for enquiry. Mr. Quaritch's reissue contains some special assistance to the English reader by way of index.

MR. HENRY WEEKES, R.A., the well-known sculptor, died on May 28, at his house in Buckingham Palace Road. He was born at Canterbury in 1807; became a pupil of Behnes; worked for Chantrey; and succeeded the latter in his studio. It is natural enough that under such training he should have proved a very skilful proficient in carving; and for this important sculptural qualification, more especially, he was always noted. He was elected A.R.A. in 1856, R.A. in 1863, and Professor of Sculpture to the Academy in 1873. He first appeared as an exhibitor (in the Academy) in 1828. Among his more noted or more interesting works (busts or portraiture for the most part) are the statue of Dr. Lushington, for Madras, 1836; a bust of the painter Martin; a bust of the Queen, 1838, the first executed after H.M.'s accession; statues of the Bishops for the Martyrs' Memorial, Oxford; a bust of Lord Wellesley for the India House—also of Sir Charles Bell, and of John Hunter; the statue of Sardanapalus in the Mansion House, and that of Charles II. in the House of Lords; and one of the groups of the Albert Memorial. The bust of Sir Moses Montefiore, now in the Academy exhibition, is one of this sculptor's last productions. It may safely be said, however, that posterity will chiefly remember Weeks in connexion with the monument to Shelley and his second wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (not "monuments to Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft," as a contemporary has it), in Christchurch, Hampshire. This is an elegant, accomplished performance, and not wanting in appropriate sentiment. It is of course a cenotaph; Shelley's ashes being buried in Rome (whence it would be desecration to remove them), and Mary Shelley being interred at Bournemouth, only a few miles distant from Christchurch.

At the meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions on May 25, M. Georges Perrot read a letter from a member of the French School at Athens, giving the particulars of the discovery by M. Koumanoudis of the inscription quoted by Thucydides, vi., 54. The text is given by Thucydides as

Μνῆμα τοῦ ἡς ἀρχῆς Πειστράτος Ἰππίου νιὸς Θήκει Ἀπόλλωνος Ηὐθίου ἐν τεμένει.

The inscription as found by M. Koumanoudis, so far as it is complete, only differs in point of orthography from the text as given in Thucydides:—
ΜΝΕΜΑΤΟΔΕΗΕΣΑΡΧΕΣΠΕΙΣΙΣ . . . ΥΙΟΣΘΕ-
ΚΕΝΑΠΟΔΛΑΝΟΣΠΥΘ . . . ΕΝΤΕΜΕΝ . . .
Thucydides adds that the inscription was engraved ἀμυδροῖς γράμμασι, and M. Koumanoudis reports that it is only legible with difficulty. This discovery fixes the site of the Temple of the Pythian Apollo.

In the excavations at Olympia one of the latest discoveries is a Hermes holding the young Dionysus in his arms. The group is said to be in admirable preservation and singularly beautiful, and we are reminded that Pausanias, in his description of Olympia, speaks of a Hermes holding Dionysus as ἔργον Πραξιτελούς.

On the 18th ult. was sold at the Hôtel Drouot an important collection of decorative furniture. Four Gobelin tapestries of the style called "des Indes," executed after Desportes, date 1743, 24,500 fr.; Gobelin tapestry, Louis XIV. period, representing an interior in the sixteenth century, 5,000 fr.; fine Brussels tapestries, by Van der Hecke, 12,650 fr.; two candelabra with female figures, period Louis XVI., 3,450 fr.; a pair of

wall lights, period Louis XV., 1,100 fr.; cabinet of Louis XVI., wood, carved and gilt, 2,000 fr.; square snuff-box, time of Louis XV., enamelled gold, with coloured flowers and engraved landscapes, 3,020 fr.; a round cup of Oriental sardonyx, 3,500 fr.; a small vase of milky jade, 2,300 fr.

It is well known that all the white porcelain sold at Sèvres bears the mark of the manufactory under the glaze. A fraudulent mark has consequently been introduced by dealers purchasing the white pieces from the manufactory, and afterwards painting them superficially so as to deceive the uninitiated. To obviate this imposition, it is proposed to interdict the sale of any undecorated porcelain at Sèvres, unless the mark has been previously effaced by the wheel.

SOME of our Lancashire readers may be interested to know that the east window of the chancel of the Church of Messingham, near Kirton, in Lindsey, contains some stained glass which was formerly in Manchester Cathedral. The following is an extract from an entry made by the late Venerable Archdeacon Stonehouse, in a manuscript volume in the custody of the Vicar of Messingham:—

"The mutilated figure of a horseman came from Manchester, where the writer of these notices procured all that beautiful pale bright-yellow glass which is in different parts of the window. It was taken out of the windows of the Collegiate Church when the late improvements were made there."

Archdeacon Stonehouse's memorandum is not dated. We believe, however, that the glass in the window was put together about the year 1826. Manchester people will probably be able to furnish the date of "the late improvements" when this glass was discarded.

HERR SIGMUND SOLDAN, of Nürnberg, whose praiseworthy artistic enterprise in bringing out reproductions of the drawings of the elder Holbein in the Berlin Museum we mentioned some time ago, has more recently published a complete series of reproductions of Albrecht Dürer's engraved works. These reproductions, which are taken from the best impressions of Dürer's prints in the Royal Cabinet at Munich, are admirable specimens of the photographer's skill. They are of the same size in all cases as the originals, and to students to whom the latter are inaccessible will be likely to prove a great boon. The series is enclosed in a stout portfolio, and accompanied with elucidatory and descriptive letterpress by Dr. Wilhelm Lübbe. This work has already reached a second edition in Germany, so that we trust that Herr Soldan's endeavour to bring the works of the great German master within the reach of all his fellow-countrymen is already bearing fruit. Dürer, at the present time, certainly does not suffer from neglect. It is quite surprising to notice the mass of literature which has grown up around him within the last few years, and if we now have added to this literature satisfactory reproductions of his art there seems a good hope that a fair knowledge of one of the most profound and creative artists of the Renaissance will be generally attained.

FRANCE, as usual at this time of the year, is busy inaugurating numerous small provincial exhibitions. These, no doubt, have a certain local interest, and are probably useful in cultivating a taste for art in their districts, but they seem scarcely to call for the praises that are lavished upon them in some of the French papers, and have not, at all events, any claim to the notice of foreigners.

THE exhibition of the "Cercle artistique et littéraire de Bruxelles" is now open. In the same town also an exhibition has been organised of the humorous and satirical pictures and sketches left by the late clever artist and caricaturist Ghémar.

WORKS have been commenced recently at the Luxembourg with a view of enlarging that ancient palace by means of an entirely new *salle*, to be

built on the ground-floor of the north wing. This *salle* is to be of great size, lighted by eight large bay-windows—four opening on to the garden, and four on to the court—and is intended especially for the reception of works of sculpture. It will communicate with the present sculpture-gallery by means of a door in the partition wall, and thus will simply form an extension of this side of the building. The construction of this new *salle* caused the question to be mooted, says the *Chronique*, as to whether the mean and narrow staircase leading to the upper floor of the Luxembourg could not be replaced, but it was decided that the expense would be too great, as considerable difficulties stand in the way of removing it.

THE works of restoration at the Louvre are also progressing. The two wings are now completely finished, and an enormous scaffolding is being erected right across the front, in order that artists may work upon the ornamentation of the principal *façade*. For it is not merely simple stone masonry that is here to be undertaken, but it is proposed to execute anew Lemot's bas-relief representing the bust of Louis XIV., placed on a pedestal by Minerva, with the Muses, cupids, and other mythological figures, in the background. Also, above the great entrance is to be placed another large bas-relief, sculptured by Cartellier, representing Fame in a car drawn by Genii, distributing crowns. These latter works, it is stated, are not likely to be finished until late in the autumn.

THE third part of the *Archief voor Nederlandsche Kunstgeschiedenis* contains: 1. The remainder of the transcript of the Delft Guild-books, with three plates of facsimiles of potters' marks; 2. Documents relating to a painting executed by James Huyser for the high-altar of the cathedral of Ruremonde in 1587; 3. Extracts from registers of marriages of *John Duif*, *Philip de Coning*, and *Romanus de Hooghe*; and, 4. An interesting biographical notice of *John Potheuck*, or Potheque, whose portraits of the four regents of the Pesthuis in the Museum at Leiden are justly admired. This artist belonged to a Protestant family which left Verviers and settled at Leiden at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Born in 1626, he was admitted, in 1652, into the Leiden guild of St. Luke, of which he became headman. He died in 1669. The Walter Potheuck, in whose family Tancred de Rohan was secretly brought up until 1645, was this painter's uncle. Among the principal artists for whose biographies the concluding portion of the transcript of the Delft books gives authentic data are: *John van der Spiet*, son of William, admitted as master December 30, 1675, who later on came and settled in England; *Peter Fris*, a native of Amsterdam, who settled at Delft in 1683, and was admitted as master painter into the guild of St. Luke, of which he became headman in 1696; *William van Nimwegen*, of Haarlem, admitted master August 28, 1684; and the painter *Martin de la Court*, of Brussels, admitted master September 14, 1693.

THE biennial prize of 20,000 francs has been awarded to M. Chapu, whose statues of *La Pensée* and of *Berryer* are on exhibition in the Salon of this year.

THE STAGE.

MR. BUCKSTONE'S season at the Haymarket was brought to a close with his annual benefit last week. The audience were, perhaps, but little surprised to receive a hint of the fact that recent performances at this once popular theatre have not proved very profitable to the management. Amendment, however, is promised, and new pieces are in preparation for the autumn. Meanwhile, Mr. Buckstone and his supporters set forth upon their customary summer professional tour; and the Haymarket stage is handed over to Mr. Jefferson, who having, as he has recently observed, "schworn off" from his old habit of playing Rip

Van Winkle only, will devote himself awhile to such parts as Mr. Golightly, in *Lend Me Five Shillings*. It will be remembered that he made an essay in this way at the Compton benefit, at Drury Lane, some months since.

MDLLE. THÉRÉSA made her first appearance at the Gaiety on Monday, in *Le Homard* of M. Gondinet, and sang some of her famous *Chansons de Suzon*. Her engagement is limited to a fortnight, Mdlle. Céline Chaumont being engaged for a series of performances to commence on Monday, June 18.

THE new *folie-vauville* entitled *La Boîte à Bibi*, by MM. Duru and Choler St. Agnan, at the Palais Royal, carries the extravagances of this kind of piece—now so much in favour with Parisian audiences—to a point which had, perhaps, hardly yet been reached. Pantomime surprises and practical jokes succeed each other in endless number: some are new, others belong to the common inheritance of French playwrights; but all—thanks partly to the author's dexterous management of the story, and partly to the drolleries of Gil Pérez, Brasseur and L'Héritier—were successful in provoking laughter.

MUSIC.

THE RUBINSTEIN FAREWELL CONCERT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

HERR RUBINSTEIN'S great popularity in this country as a pianist is a signal refutation of the charge so often made against the musical public that they put accuracy before all things, and interpretation almost nowhere; for there has probably never been any artist before any public hitherto who has so utterly disregarded that element of art, and devoted himself so completely to that which he regards as the spirit of the music he interprets. This is probably rather in the nature of the artist than from any premeditated design, and the public on their part seem to have been taken by storm, and crowd to his concerts and applaud vociferously at all times. Monday's concert was no exception, and, though not on a very convenient day for many concert-goers, was almost as well attended as the Saturday concerts, on which musicians justly set so much of their affections. Many attractions were offered, but the chiefest, no doubt, were Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and the Symphony in D minor of Herr Rubinstein, which has been played before in England, but was, nevertheless, new to a great portion of the audience, and looked forward to with much interest. We will speak of the concert first as an old friend.

One of Herr Rubinstein's most conspicuous qualities is intrepidity, and it was a singular instance of this that he undertook to conduct his own symphony and a long duet from *Die Maccabäer* before playing the concerto. For, however great an artist's physique and nerve may be, it is inevitable that the exertion and excitement of conducting should somewhat disturb the equal balance of the faculties necessary for the perfect performance of such works as the great Concerto in G, and it is very probable that what was gained in the minds of many by the reckless way in which the artist faced an unnecessary amount of exertion was lost in the minds of people of higher musical cultivation by an occasional want of steadiness, and, in the last movement especially, of delicacy.

This concerto seems to offer opportunities for the great artist's best qualities, without the temptation to let go that vehement impetuosity of his which, often producing great results, sometimes also produces very much the contrary, when he happens not to be in the vein. It is characterised rather by grace and delicacy than force and grandeur, and is full of very rapid passages in the first and last movements, and has a slow movement in which all the calmest and deepest feelings of expression are called for. These are things in which Herr

Rubinstein excels; the soft, earnest opening phrase was quite exquisite, and the extremely brilliant, and at the same time delicate, passages which abound in the first movement were rendered with almost unsurpassable lightness and clearness; the romantic slow movement was given with that purity of sentiment and beauty of tone which is now rivalled by hardly any living pianist. In the merry, but still delicate, last movement, fatigue seemed to tell a little, and roughnesses were not unfrequently apparent, while some points of interpretation were distinctly not in accordance with the indications which the composer has left for the guidance of the performer. The cadences were Herr Rubinstein's own, and tinged with a good deal of his individuality; being based on the chief subjects of the movements, and presenting them in various new lights with considerable ingenuity and imagination. The enthusiasm after the performance was great, and it is not probable that many of the audience will ever hear a finer on the whole; for though great pianists now play it oftener than formerly, it is almost hopeless to look for a rendering which shall satisfy all one's ideals, as it requires so many various characteristics of clearness, delicacy, and feeling, all which an artist may possess, as Herr Rubinstein does, but not have at hand in sufficient perfection just when they are wanted.

The great pianist gave also three other solo pieces. The first was the "Soirées de Vienne," a group of dance melodies by Schubert welded into one consecutive piece by Liszt, with some brilliant Liszt-passages, which were rendered to perfection. The second was a beautiful little Romance of Herr Rubinstein's, and certainly the most satisfying of the three, being rendered in the true spirit of gentle tenderness which comes only with great power. And finally the grand Polonaise in A flat of Chopin, of the performance of which we feel bound to speak with regret. There were as usual several points which could not be surpassed, since no one else can play them after Herr Rubinstein's manner. But on the other hand there was a great deal that was purely extravagant; as, for instance, the absolutely unnecessary interpolation of several bars and many extra notes which were not an improvement to the original, and an unnecessary rapidity which, if it took some people's breath away and deprived them of the capacity of judgment, certainly also deprived the fine work of much of its breadth and dignity.

The symphony with which the concert commenced is the fourth of Herr Rubinstein's compositions in that line, and his ninety-fifth Opus, and, like some of his former instrumental compositions, is unnecessarily long. We were certainly disappointed in our anticipations, and found that, notwithstanding the profusion of ideas, the interest did ultimately flag under the strain of the whole hour and a little over which it took in performance. The best movement is undoubtedly the second—a humorous Scherzo, in which a vigorous rhythmic subject is the basis of very ingenious and imaginative play on an analogous system to the development of the great Scherzo in Beethoven's ninth symphony, full of vehemence and vivacity, with happy transformations of the subject and clever treatment of the rhythms. The first movement is based on a species of text, which is given out first in a slow introduction, and appears constantly in various lights and phases throughout the movement. The third movement, an Adagio, is extremely simple, with several straightforward tunes in it, which many people would term pretty, but which are not apparently very deep. The last movement is vigorous and fiery, but of immense length, and the rhythms of the chief subjects are not sufficiently new and interesting to bear being repeated so constantly. As a whole the symphony has the appearance of being very spontaneous and strong, but, like the composer's playing, occasionally wanting in discretion. This, no doubt, comes from that very exuberance

and impetuosity which characterise so much of his musical doings, which are certainly very captivating qualities, and infinitely preferable to the mechanical soulless pusillanimity which often passes for artistic work in these days; and for such qualities, and for the unsurpassable beauty of his rendering of the delicate and refined musical lyrics of Schubert, Mozart, and Schumann, the musical public may well welcome him as a hero and ignore the occasional eccentricities which the equally admiring critic points to with regret.

The duet from *Die Maccabäer* did not produce a great effect, partly, perhaps, from Herr Henschel's being seriously indisposed. Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington's "Woodland Song," admirably as she sang it, was evidently not intended for the musical part of the audience. The dance tunes with which the concert concluded, from Herr Rubinstein's opera of *Fernans*, were readily recognised as old friends, having been heard before at the Crystal Palace, and remembered for their piquant and fresh tunefulness.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

A FESTIVAL Service at Westminster Abbey, last Saturday afternoon, inaugurated the Caxton Celebration which has been announced to take place during the present summer, in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton. The principal features of the service were a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*—a particularly appropriate choice, as the work was written for the 400th anniversary of the invention of printing in Germany—and the first production of a new "Magnificat" with orchestral accompaniments, written for the occasion by Dr. J. F. Bridge, the organist of the Abbey. Like all Dr. Bridge's works which we have yet seen, the "Magnificat" is not only thoroughly well written, but musically interesting, while the orchestration is judicious and effective. Of a work so well known as the *Lobgesang* it would be superfluous to speak; but a protest must be emphatically entered against the really absurd manner in which it was treated in performance. Every musician will remember that the climax of the cantata occurs where the magnificent chorus "The night is departing" (one of the finest Mendelssohn ever wrote) is followed immediately, and with most masterly effect, by the choral "Let all men praise the Lord." It will perhaps hardly be credited that between these two pieces, a sermon by the Dean of Westminster was interposed! The whole effect of the music was thus destroyed; and it is perfectly inconceivable to us that Dr. Bridge should have allowed such a vandalism to take place. In other respects the performance was an exceedingly good one. The band and chorus numbered about 180. Dr. Bridge conducted in a very efficient manner; and Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral, presided at the organ.

AT Herr Rubinstein's last recital at St. James's Hall, the programme, though interesting, contained no novelties. The chief items were Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 57, and Schumann's "Carneval." Herr Rubinstein also played Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Erlkönig," and smaller pieces by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Weber, and himself. The hall, it is almost needless to add, was crowded by a most enthusiastic audience.

A PRIVATE performance was given by the students of the National Training School for Music on Saturday afternoon, at Cromwell House, by the kind permission of Mr. Freake. Without entering into details—which, in the case of a merely private concert, would be unbecoming—it may fairly be said that many of the pupils give promise of unusual excellence; and we shall be surprised if some of them do not in due time make their mark in the musical world. So much harm, however, is frequently done to young artists

by premature appearances, that it is satisfactory to learn that Dr. Sullivan, the Principal of the School, sets his face entirely against any public appearance at present on the part of the students.

THE current number of the *Musical Times*, which is of more than average interest, besides the concluding paper of an excellent series by Mr. Charles Salaman on "English Opera," contains the first part of "A Sketch of the History of Music-Printing, from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Chrysander, which, if we may judge from the portion now before us, is likely to be of great value.

It is known that *Robert le Diable* was originally written as an "opéra comique"—that is, an opera with spoken dialogue, instead of recitative—and was subsequently remodelled by Scribe and Meyerbeer as a "grand opéra." All trace of the original form of the libretto had long since been lost; but at a recent sale of autographs in Paris this interesting manuscript has been recovered. Though only a copy, there can be no doubt as to its authenticity, for it contains notes by Scribe, and even some entire scenes in his handwriting; Meyerbeer has also added frequent marginal observations. The manuscript has been purchased by the firm of Brandus, the publishers of *Robert le Diable*.

THEODORE LACHNER, organist at Munich, and the eldest of a family of four brothers, all of whom, especially the second, Franz Lachner, are distinguished as musicians, has just died at Munich, at the age of seventy-nine.

THE Italian tenor singer Filippo Patierno, born at Naples in 1835, has died at Milan.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SYMONDS' RENAISSANCE IN ITALY: THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING, by J. BASS MULLINGER	501
FÉRET'S LE CARDINAL DU PERRON, by the Rev. MARK PATTISON	502
EBERG UARDIA, by Prof. J. P. MAHARRY	502
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT, &c., by C. KEGAN PAUL	503
MORRIS'S AGE OF ANNE, by W. P. COURTNEY	504
MCLENNAN'S STUDIES IN ANCIENT HISTORY, II., by W. R. S. RALSTON	505
NEW NOVELS, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY	506
CURRENT LITERATURE	506
NOTES AND NEWS	508
OBITUARY: MR. J. L. MOTLEY, by S. R. GARDINER; MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY, by the Rev. JAS. DAVIES	509
NOTES OF TRAVEL	510
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES	510
THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE IN PARLIAMENT, by A. HARRISON	511
UNIVERSITY REQUIREMENTS, by JAS. S. COTTON	512
PARIS LETTER, by G. MONOD	512
SELECTED BOOKS	513
CORRESPONDENCE:— <i>Spelling Reform</i> , II., by James Spedding; "Upholsterer," by H. Wedgwood	514
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK	515
BYWATER'S HERACLITI EPHESI RELIQUIAE, by Prof. LEWIS CAMPBELL	515
SCIENCE NOTES (PHYSIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY)	516
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES	518
THE SALON OF 1877, IV., by MRS. MARK PATTISON	518
NOTES ON REMBRANDT, IV., by the Rev. C. H. MIDDLETON	519
PICTURE EXHIBITIONS, by W. M. ROSSETTI	520
THE MILLARES	521
NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY	521
THE STAGE	522
THE RUBINSTEIN FAREWELL CONCERT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, by C. HUBERT H. PARRY	523
MUSIC NOTES, NEW PUBLICATIONS, TABLE OF CONTENTS	523-524

AGENTS.

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